



MICKEY FINN



SWING SISSON



SPIN SHAW



POISON IVY



BIG TOP

# FEATURE

COMICS

SM  
★  
7



JULY No. 100

THE **DOLL MAN**

**CRASHES**  
The City of Crime!

10¢



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



BLIMPY



PERKY





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# "PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP





★★★★★

CRIME CITY GAZETTE

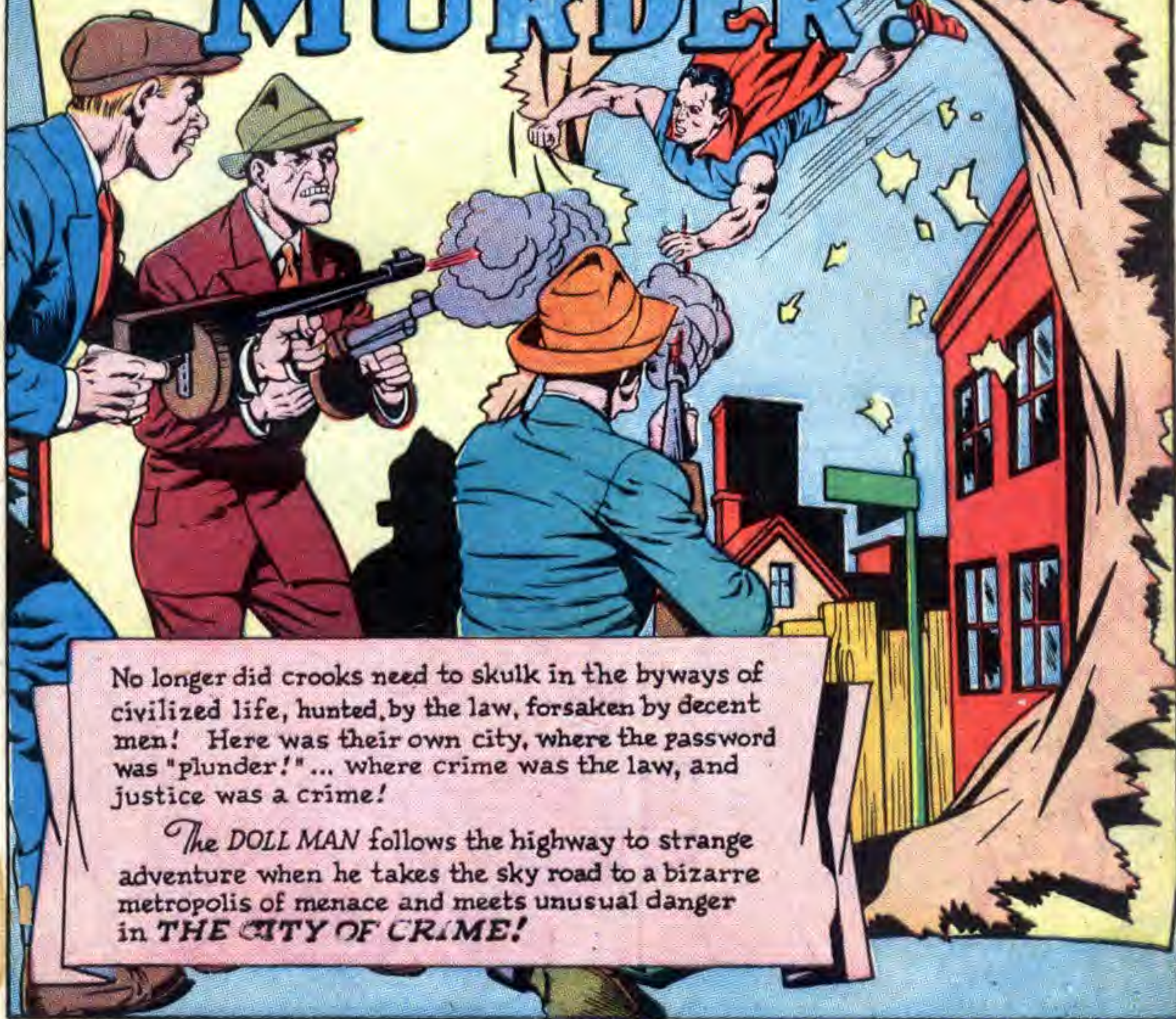
EXTRA!!

VOL. XXXIV.

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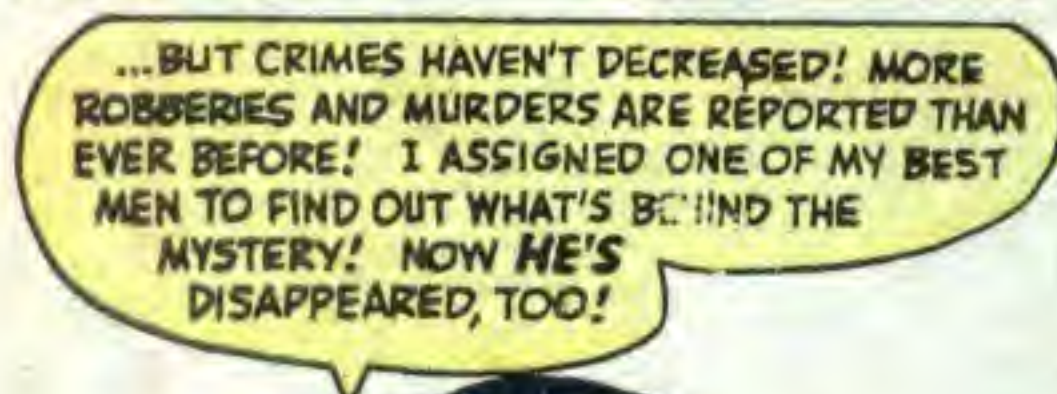
# The DOLL MAN CONVICTED OF MURDER!



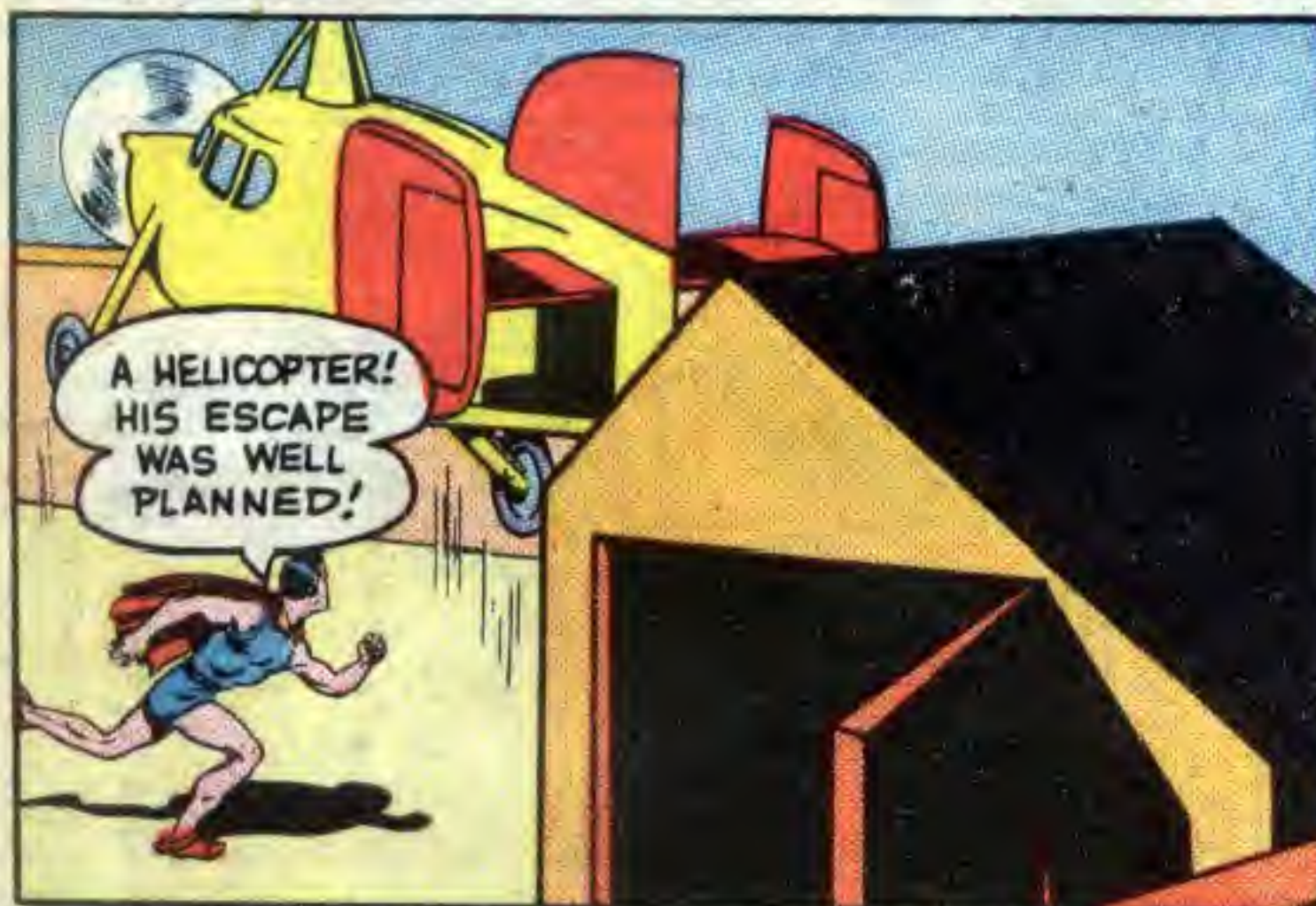
No longer did crooks need to skulk in the byways of civilized life, hunted by the law, forsaken by decent men! Here was their own city, where the password was "plunder!" ... where crime was the law, and justice was a crime!

*The DOLL MAN* follows the highway to strange adventure when he takes the sky road to a bizarre metropolis of menace and meets unusual danger in **THE CITY OF CRIME!**





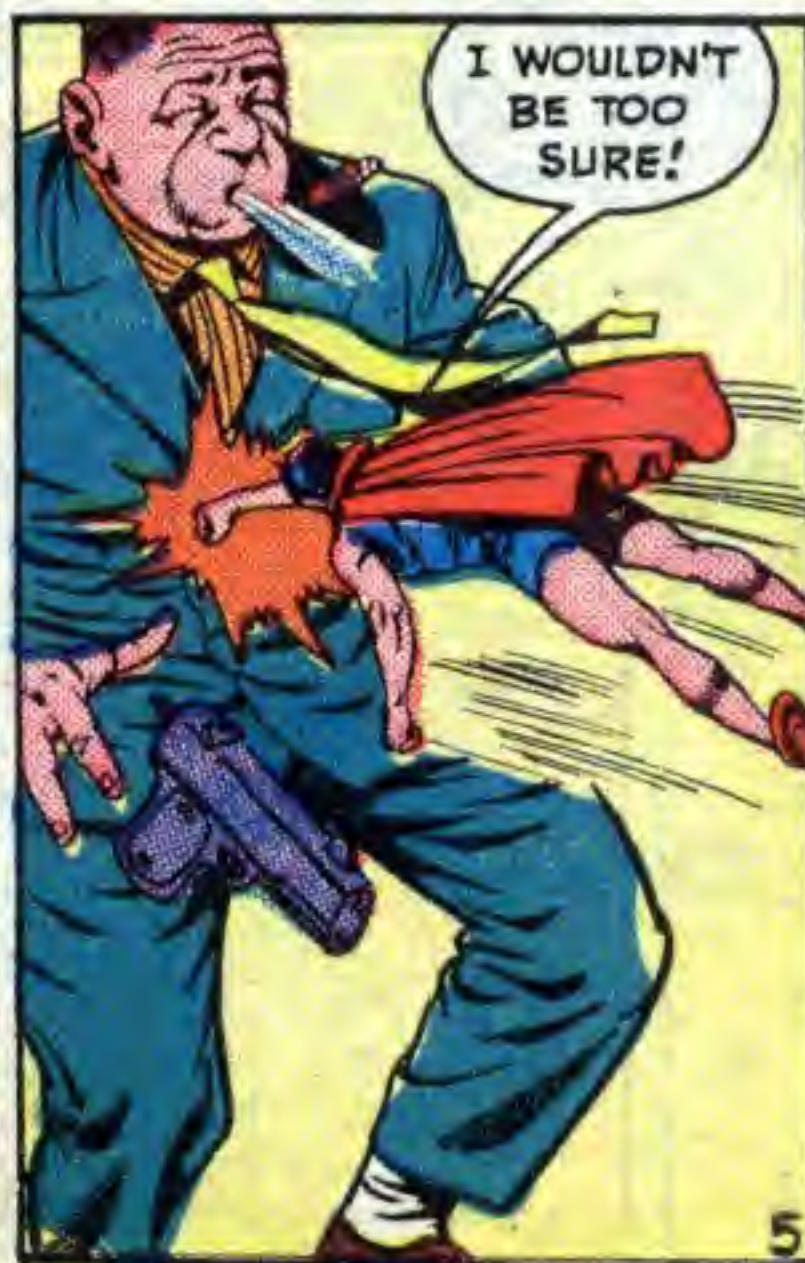














# FEATURE COMICS



HERE'S THE WAY I DO IT!

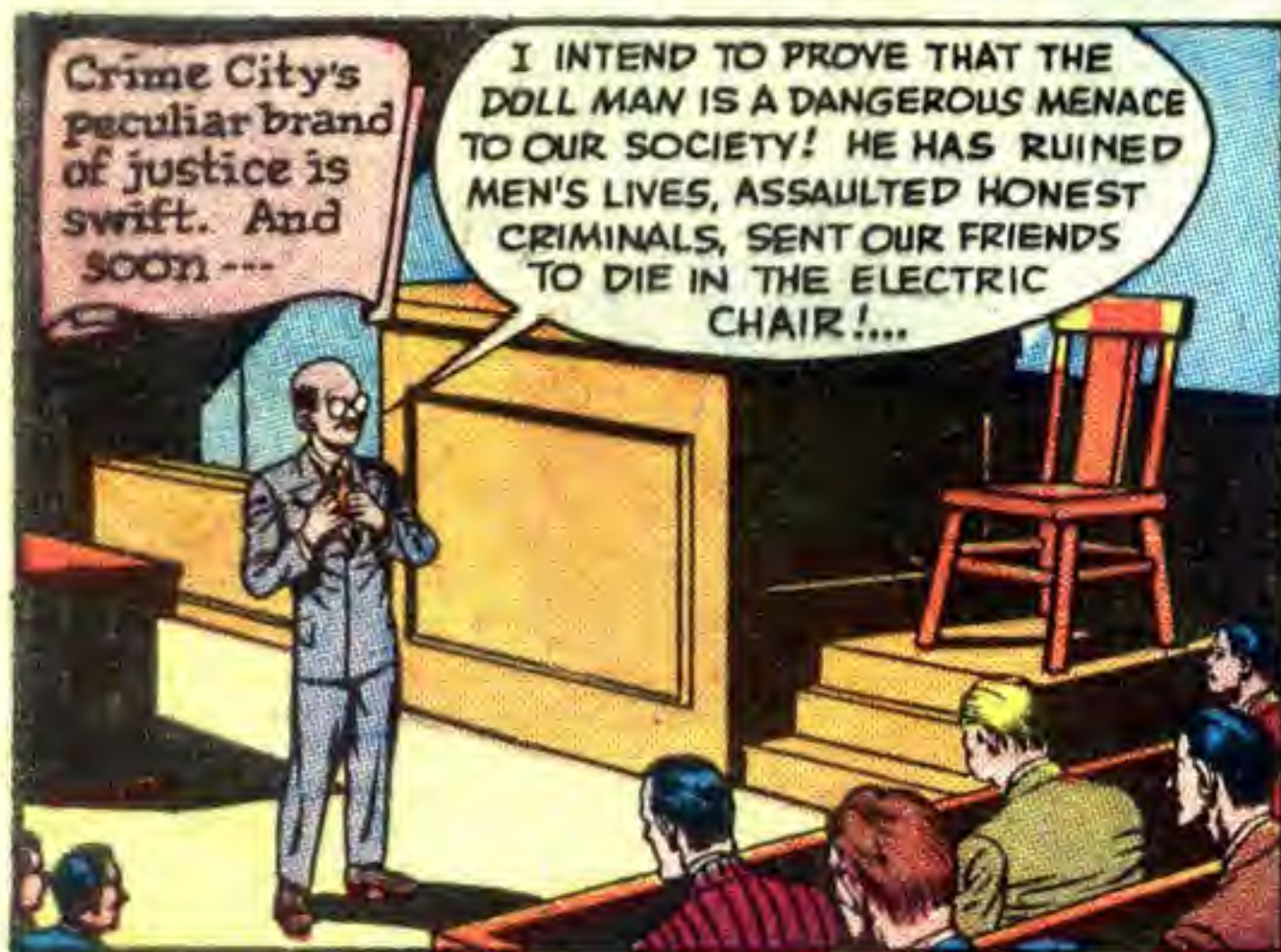


VERY INTERESTING, DOLL MAN! BUT HAVE YOU SEEN MY LITTLE LITTLE DEMONSTRATION?

OHHH!



YOU NEED A LESSON IN THE DANGERS OF OVERCONFIDENCE! YOU'LL GET IT -- WHEN YOU GO ON TRIAL IN CRIME CITY!



Crime City's peculiar brand of justice is swift. And soon ---

I INTEND TO PROVE THAT THE DOLL MAN IS A DANGEROUS MENACE TO OUR SOCIETY! HE HAS RUINED MEN'S LIVES, ASSAULTED HONEST CRIMINALS, SENT OUR FRIENDS TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!...



DO YOU DENY THE CHARGES?

I DO! YOU CAN'T PROVE I'VE EVER DONE ANYTHING WRONG!



I CALL MY FIRST WITNESS! DUKE HAGEN!

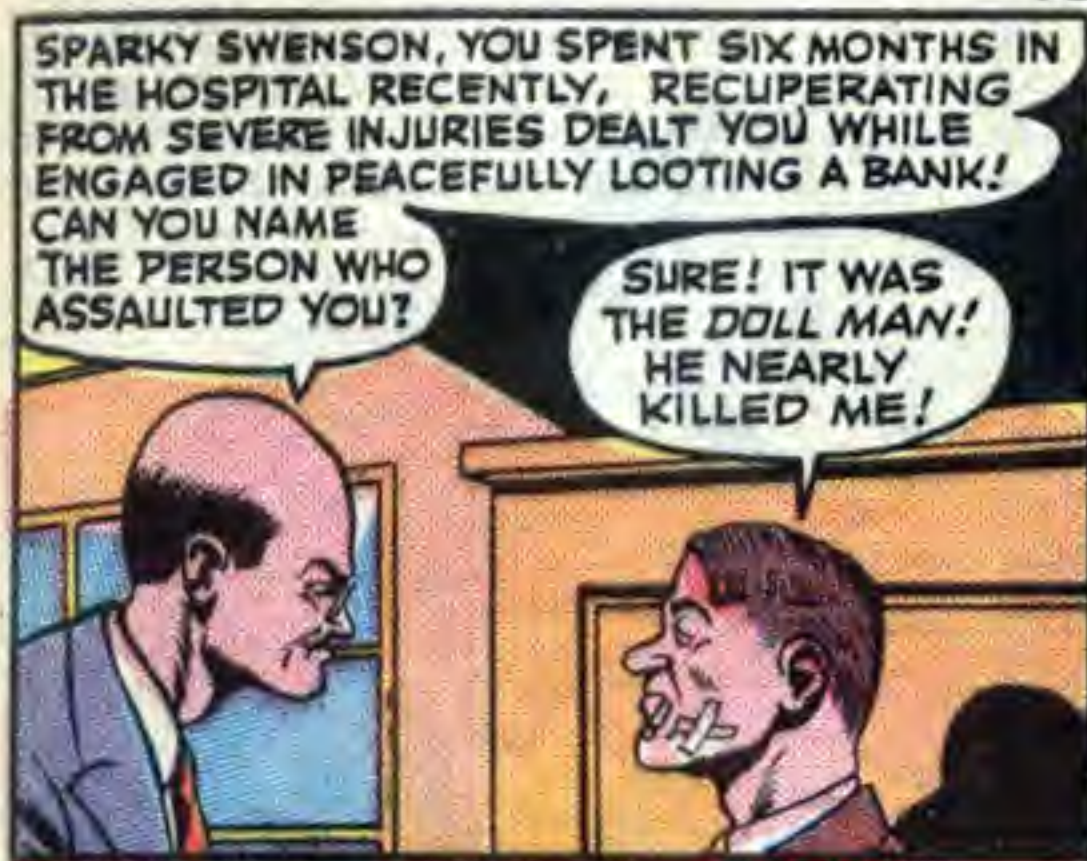
THAT'S ME!



ISN'T IT TRUE THAT YOU WERE UNLAWFULLY DEPRIVED OF YOUR LIBERTY FOR FIVE LONG YEARS? WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS INHUMAN, HEARTLESS ACTION?

THE DOLL MAN! HE CAUGHT ME SNATCHIN' A PAY ROLL! THEY GAVE ME A FIVE YEAR JOLT IN THE STATE PEN!



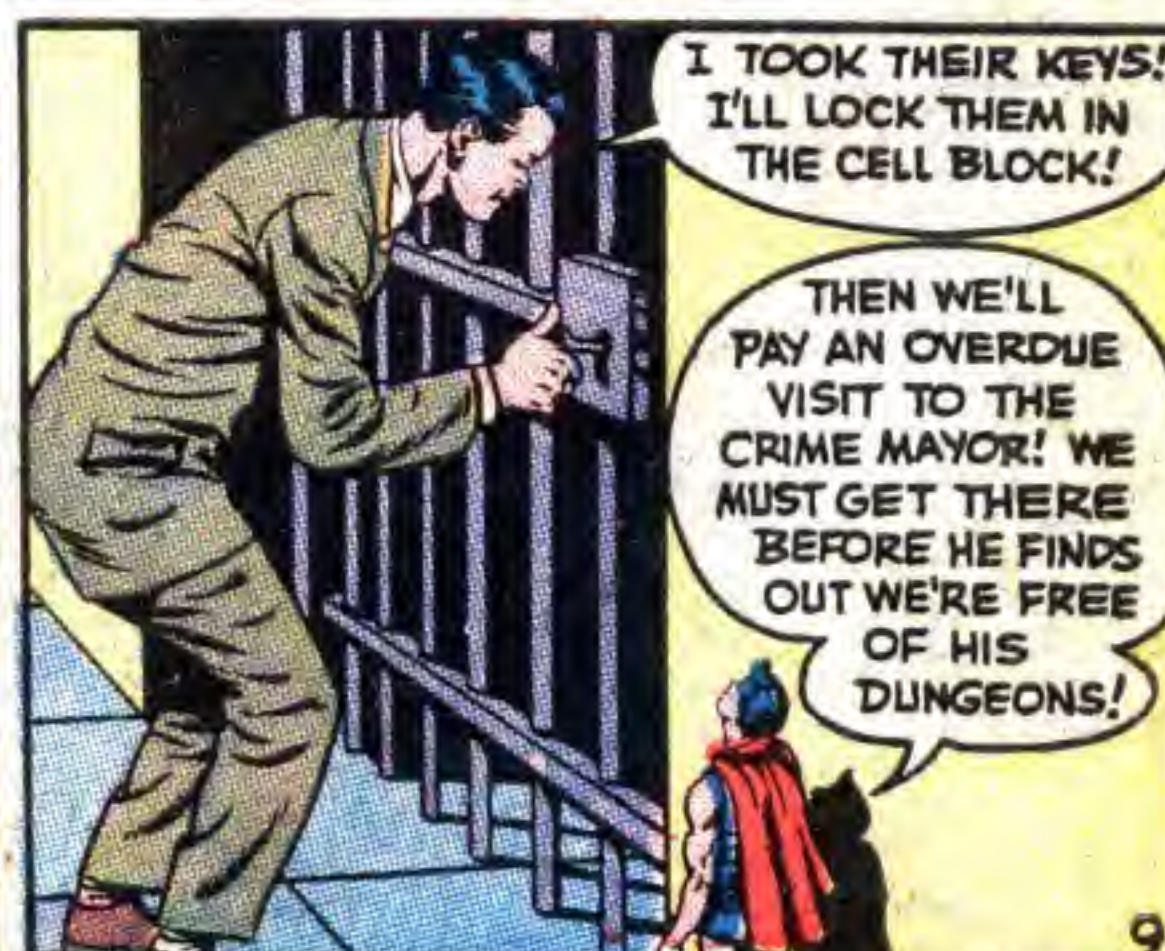
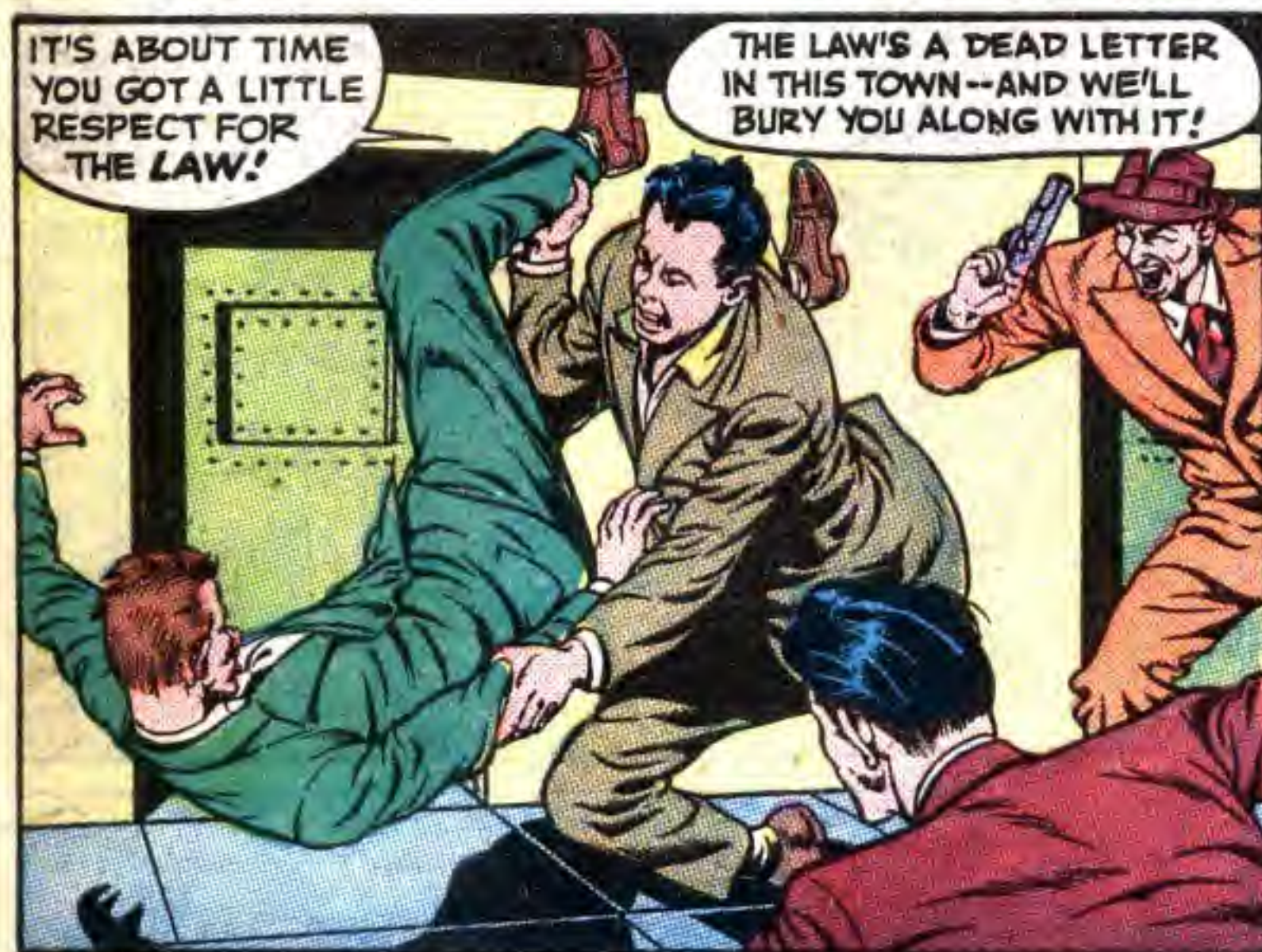
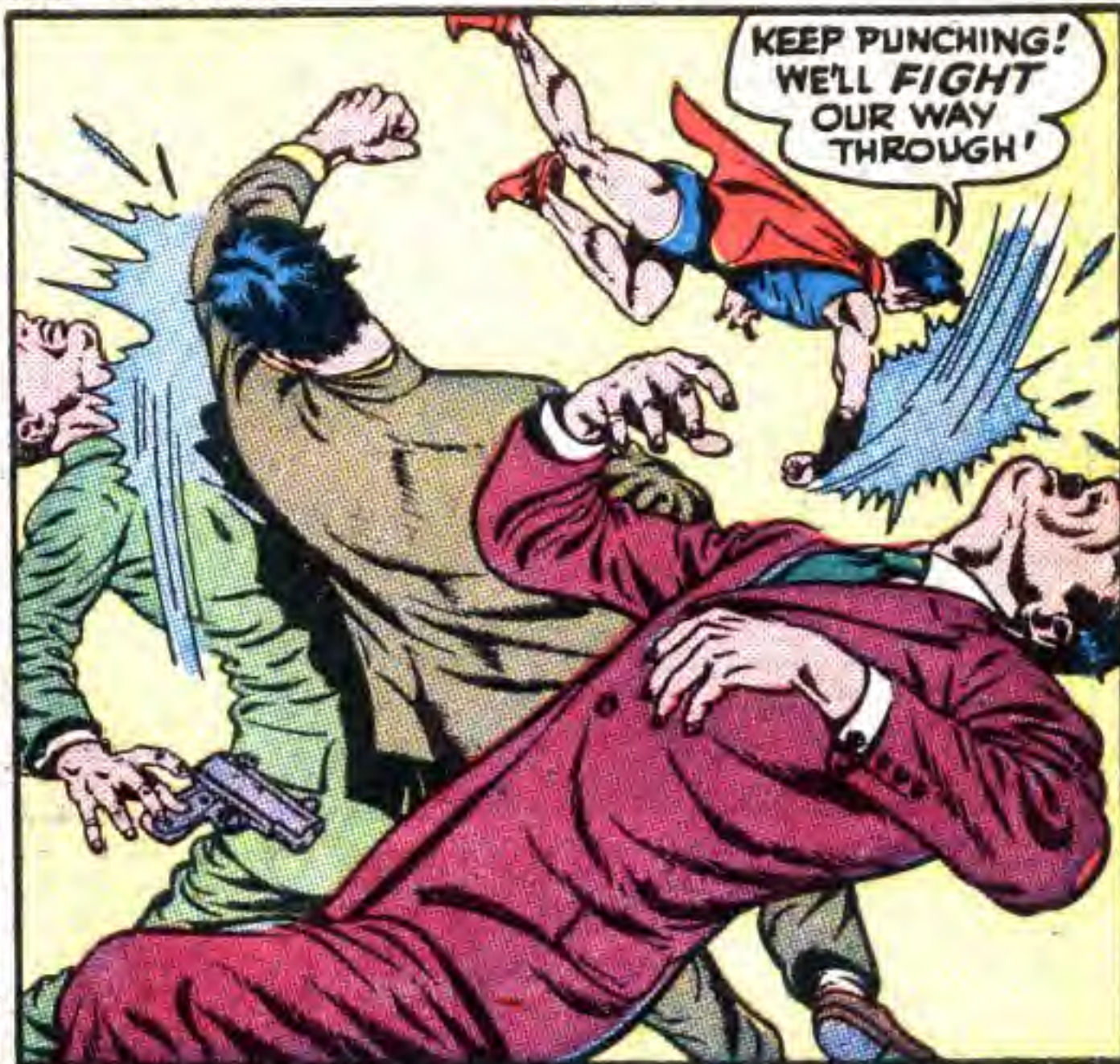




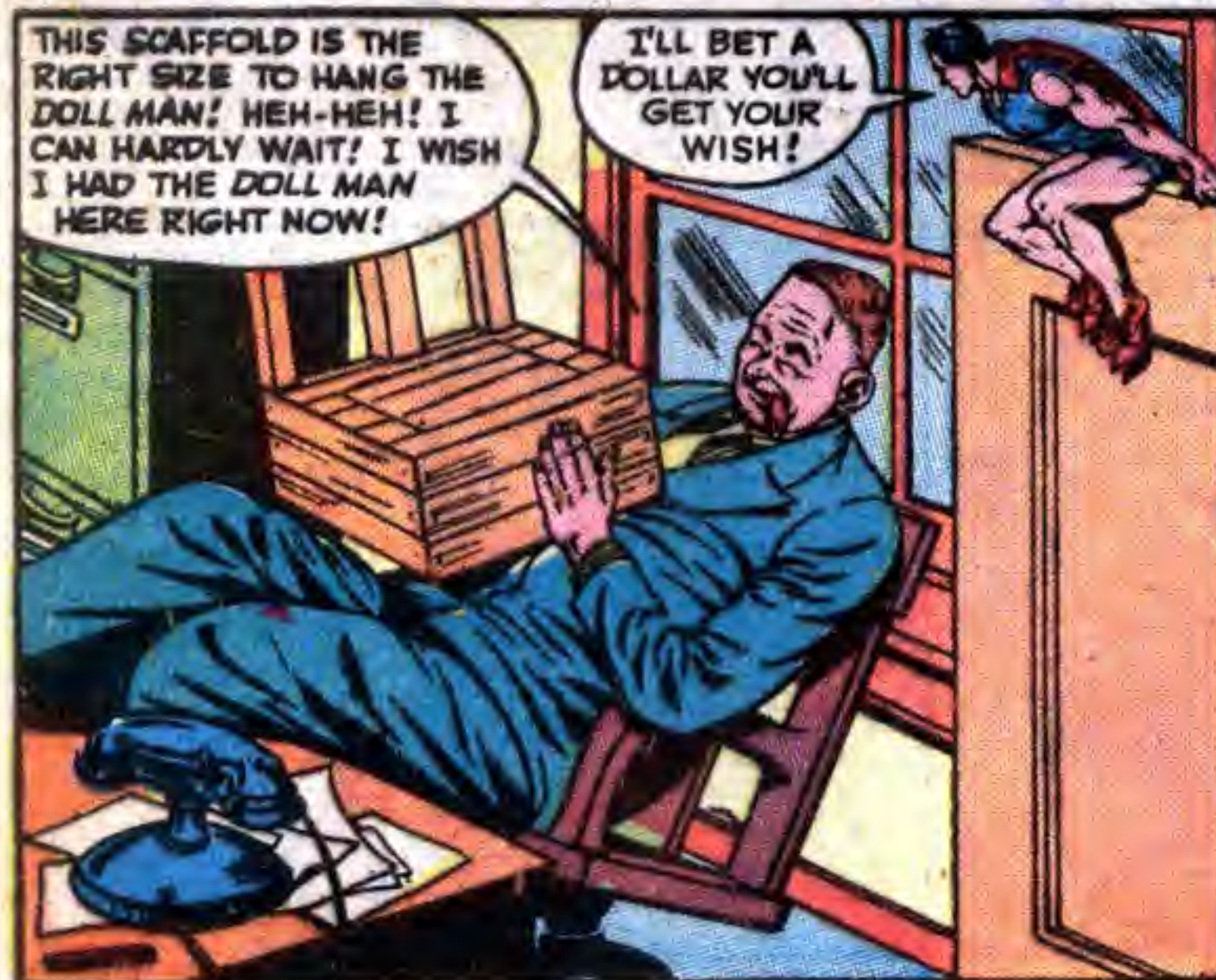
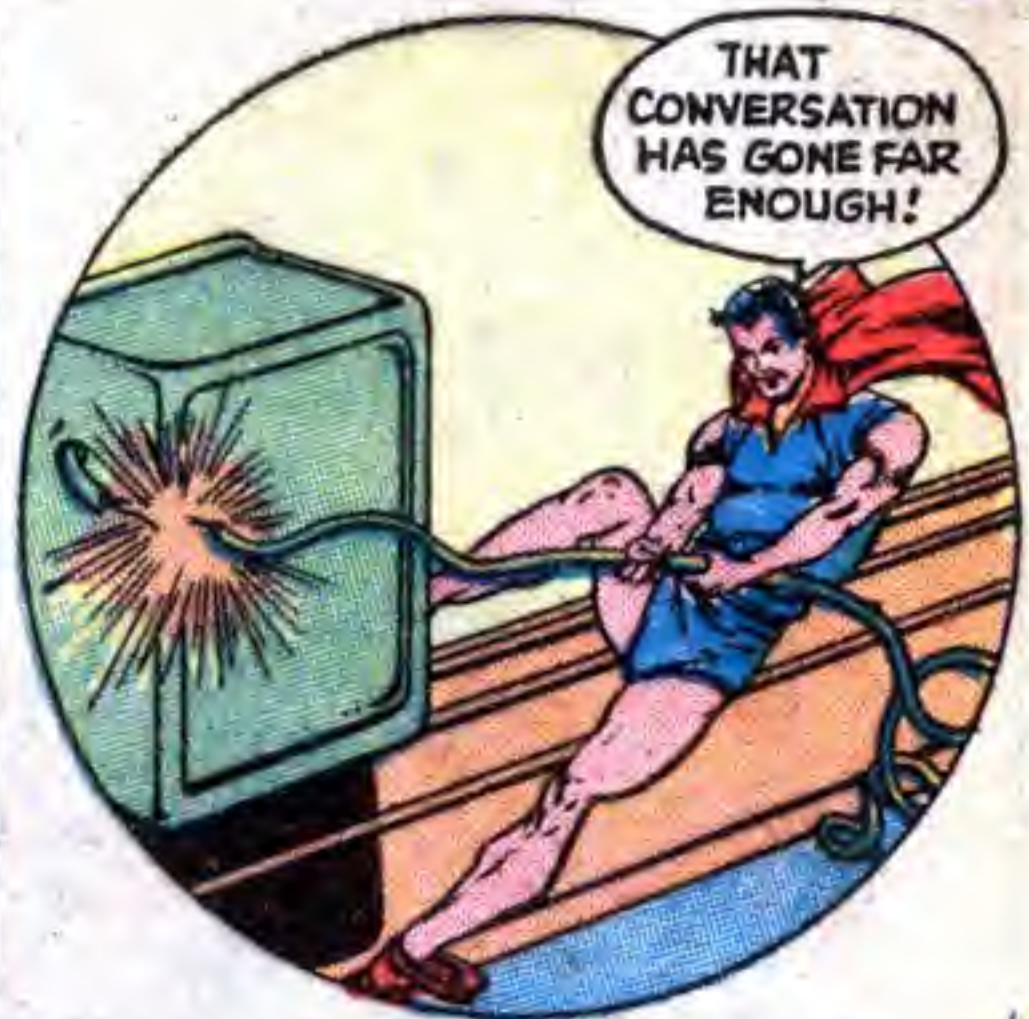
FEATURE COMICS



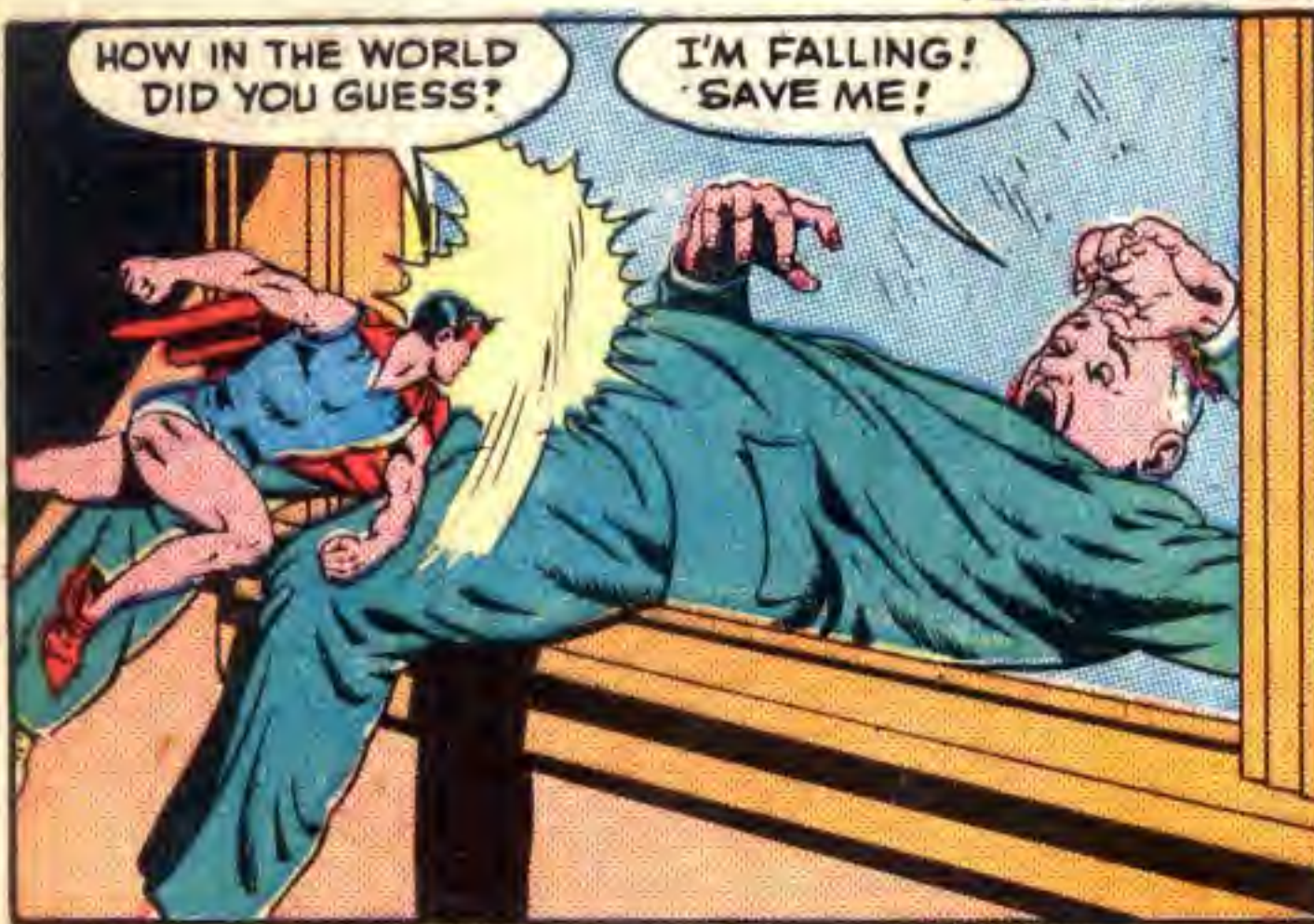




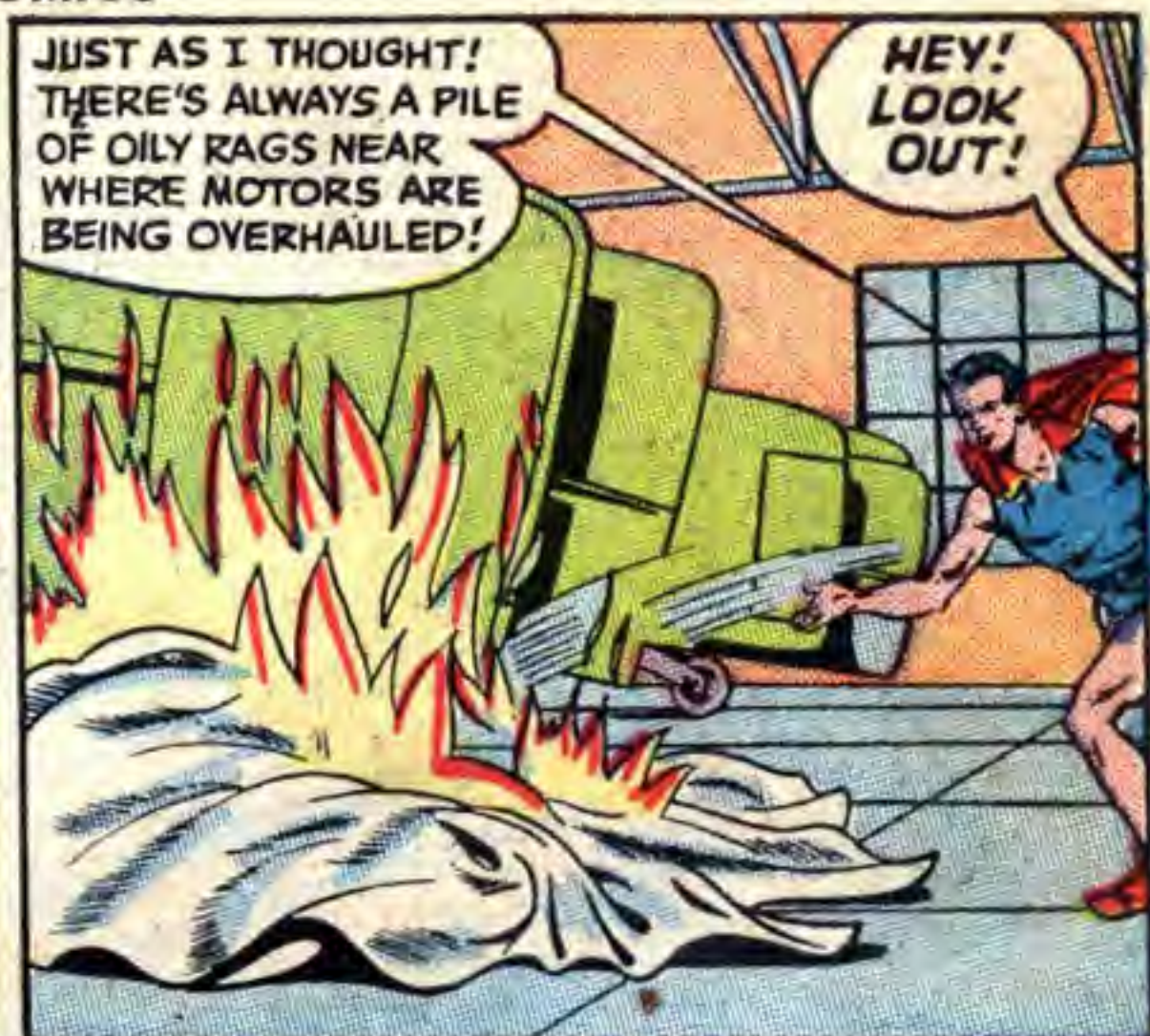




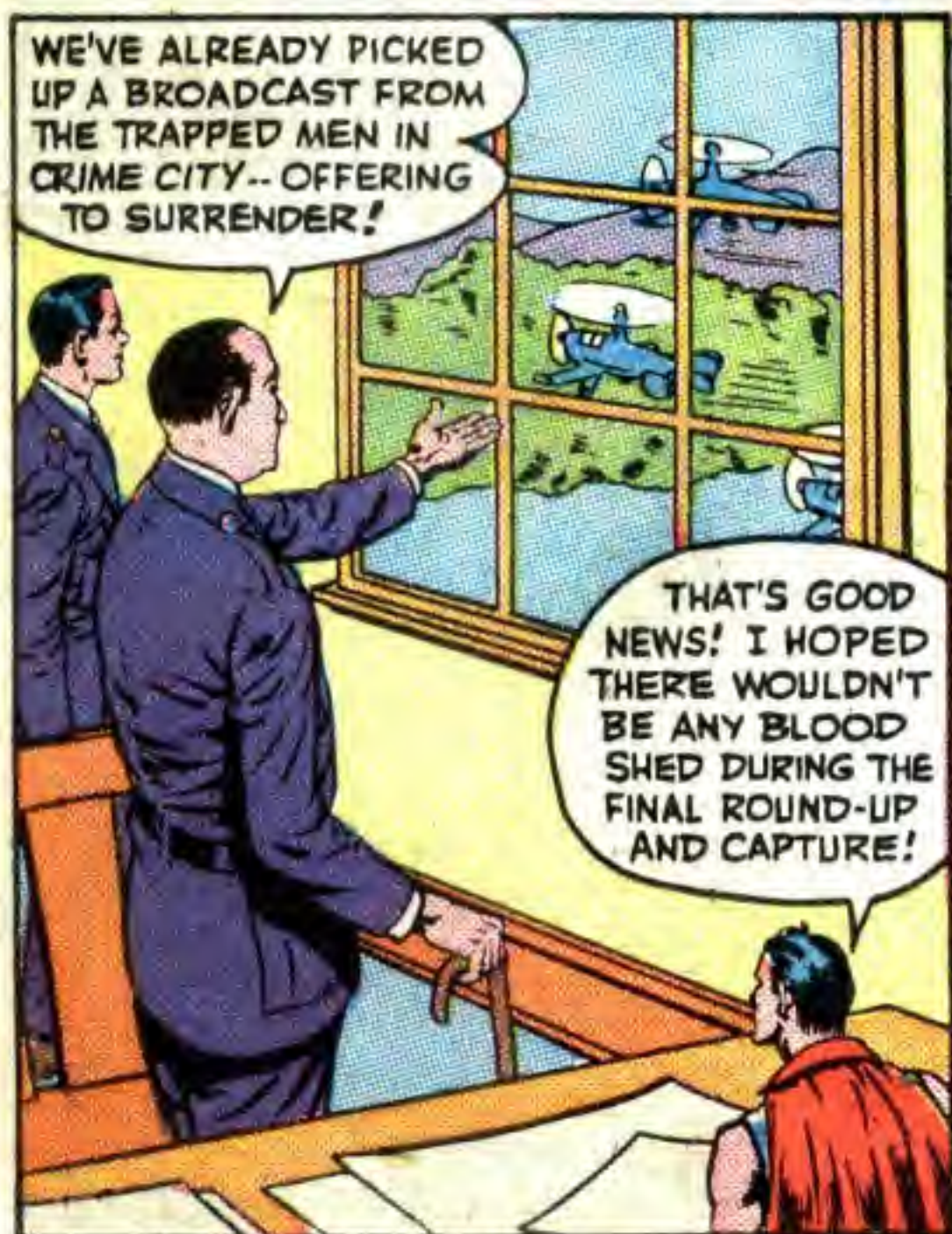
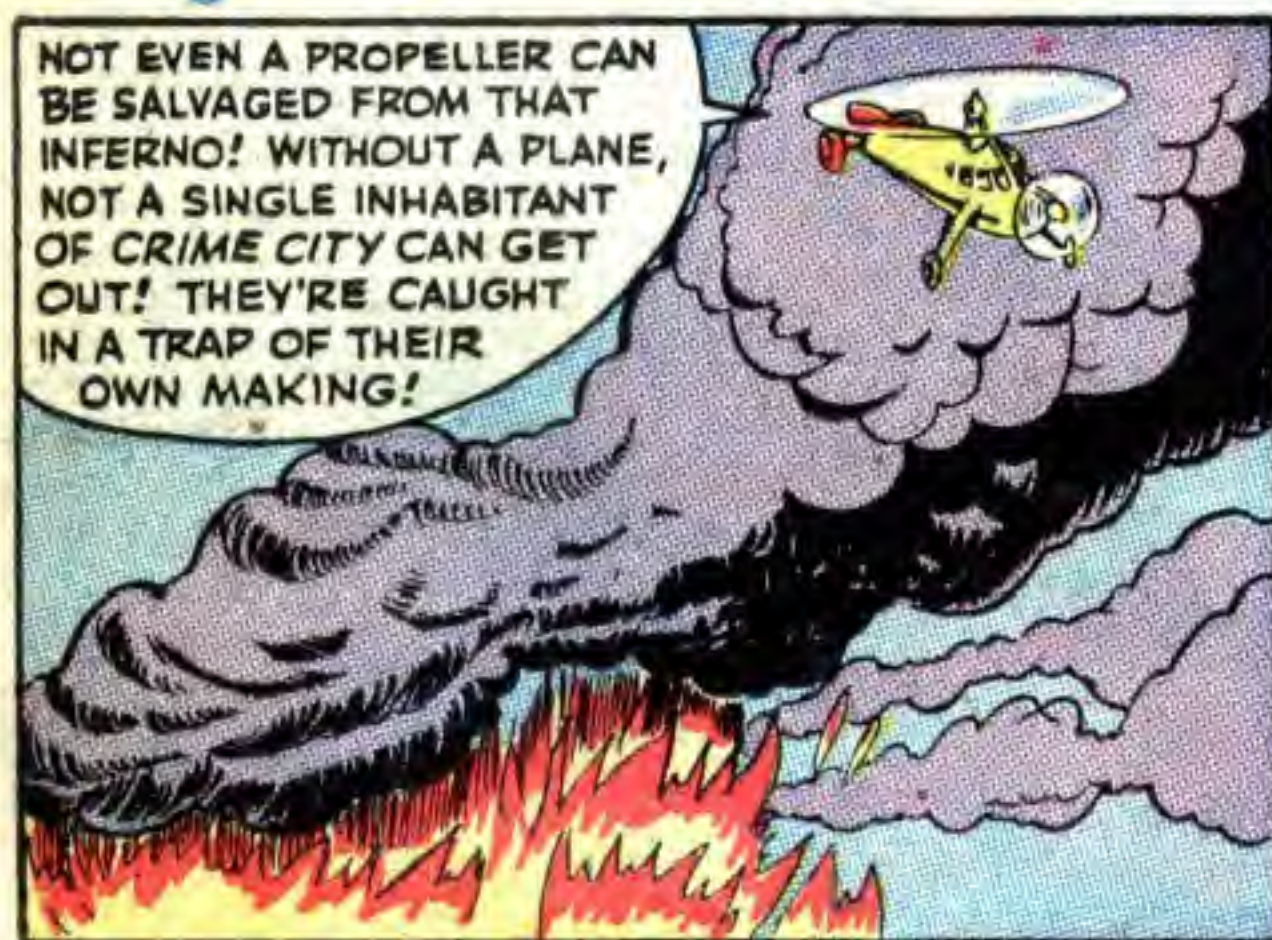








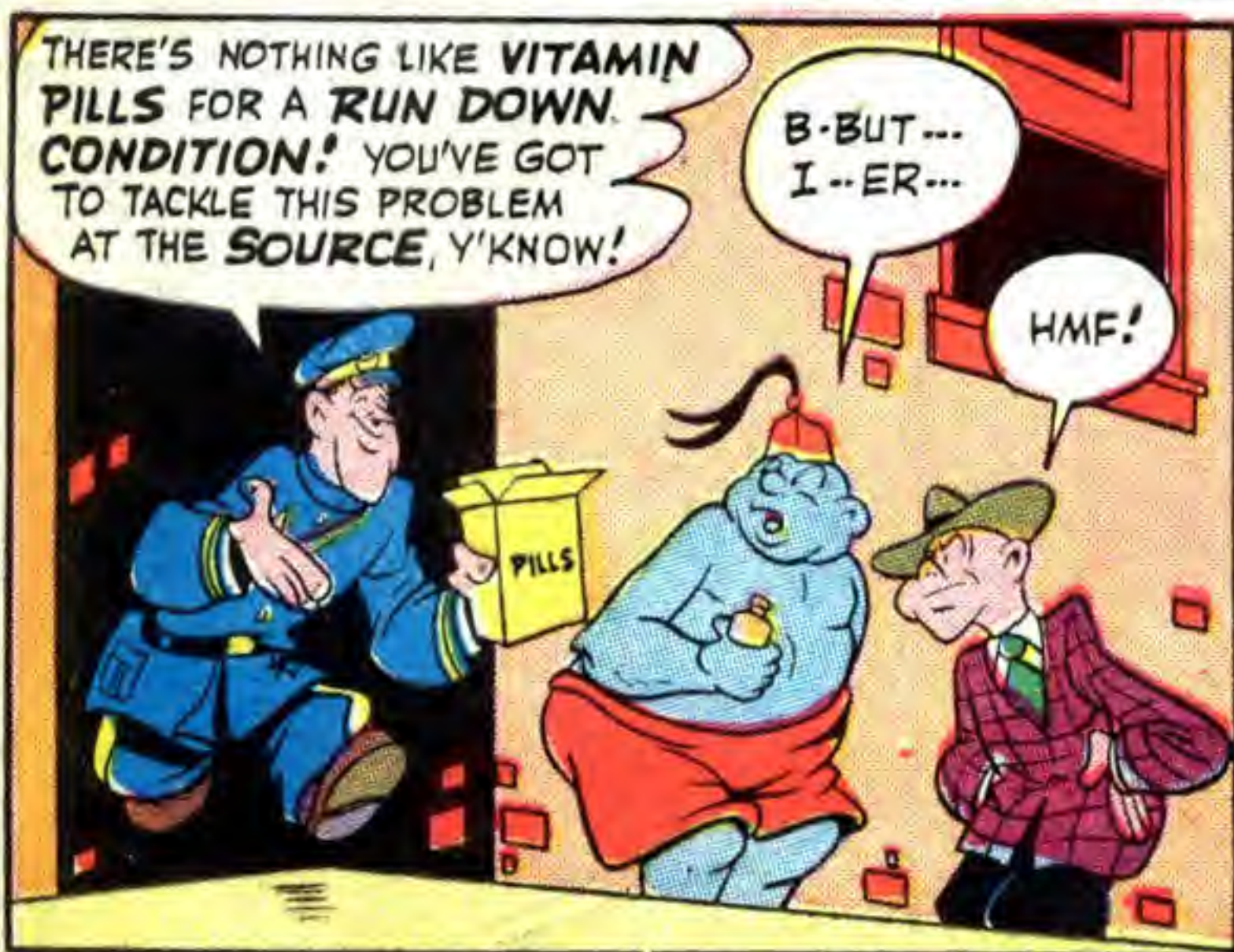




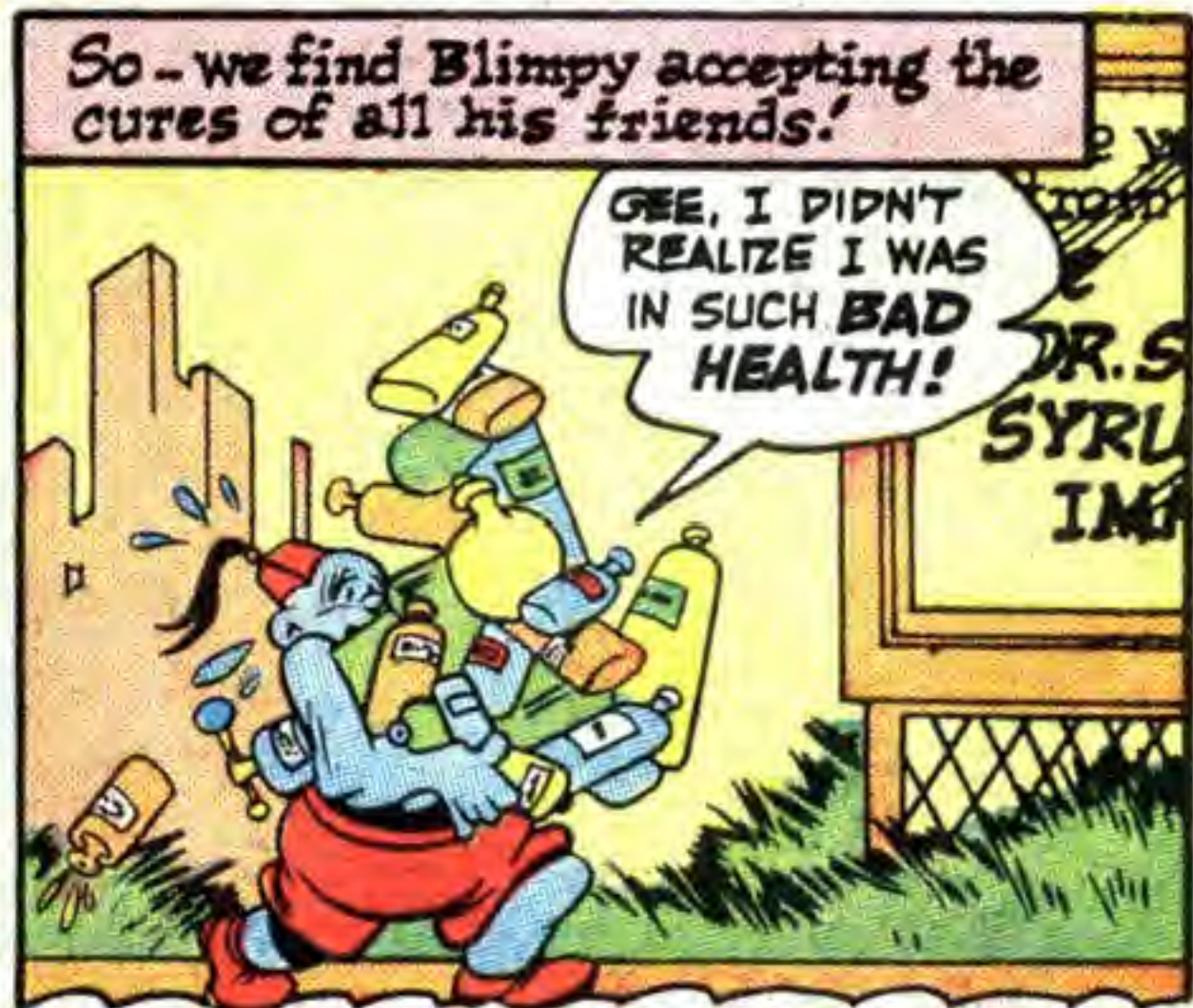
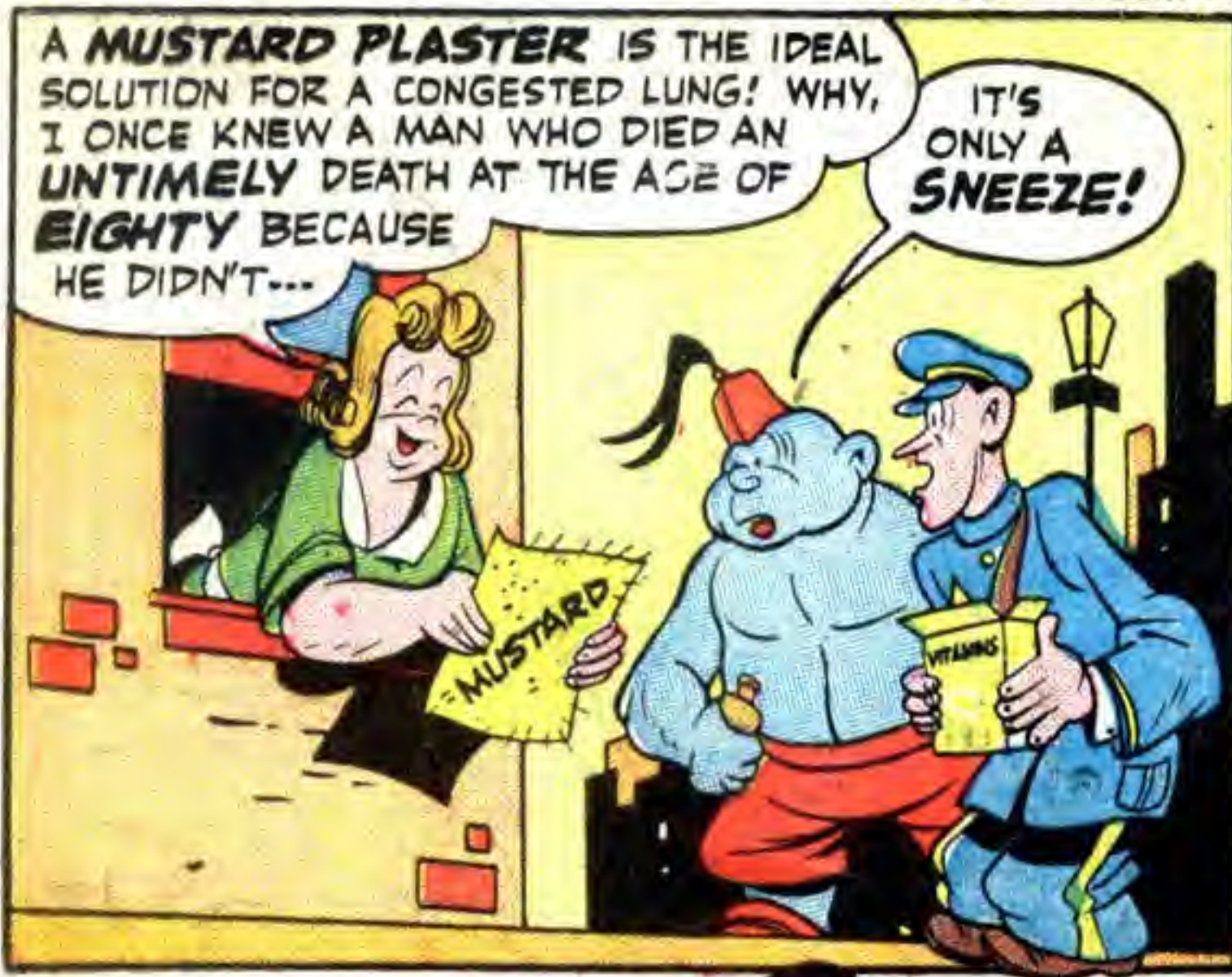




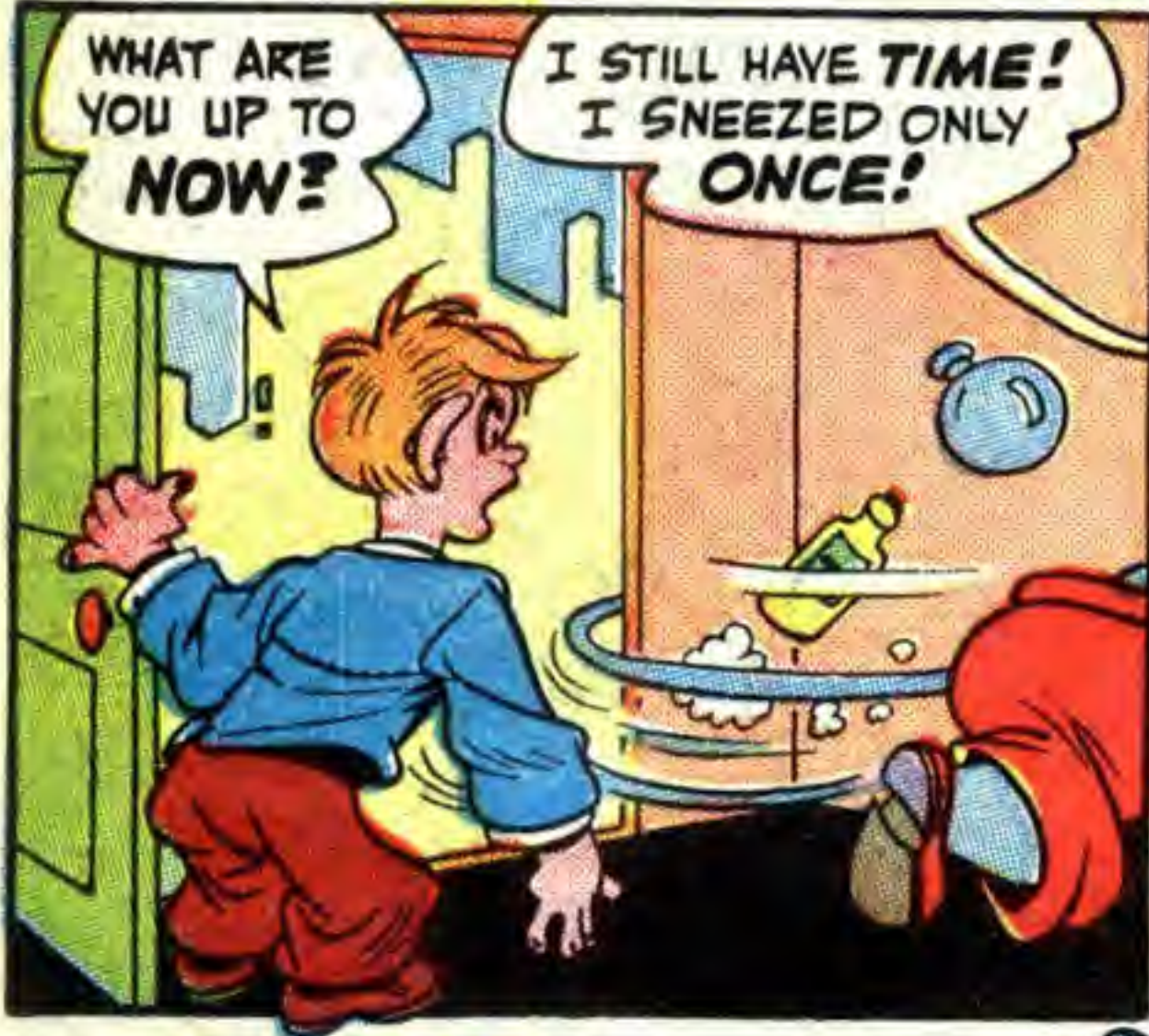
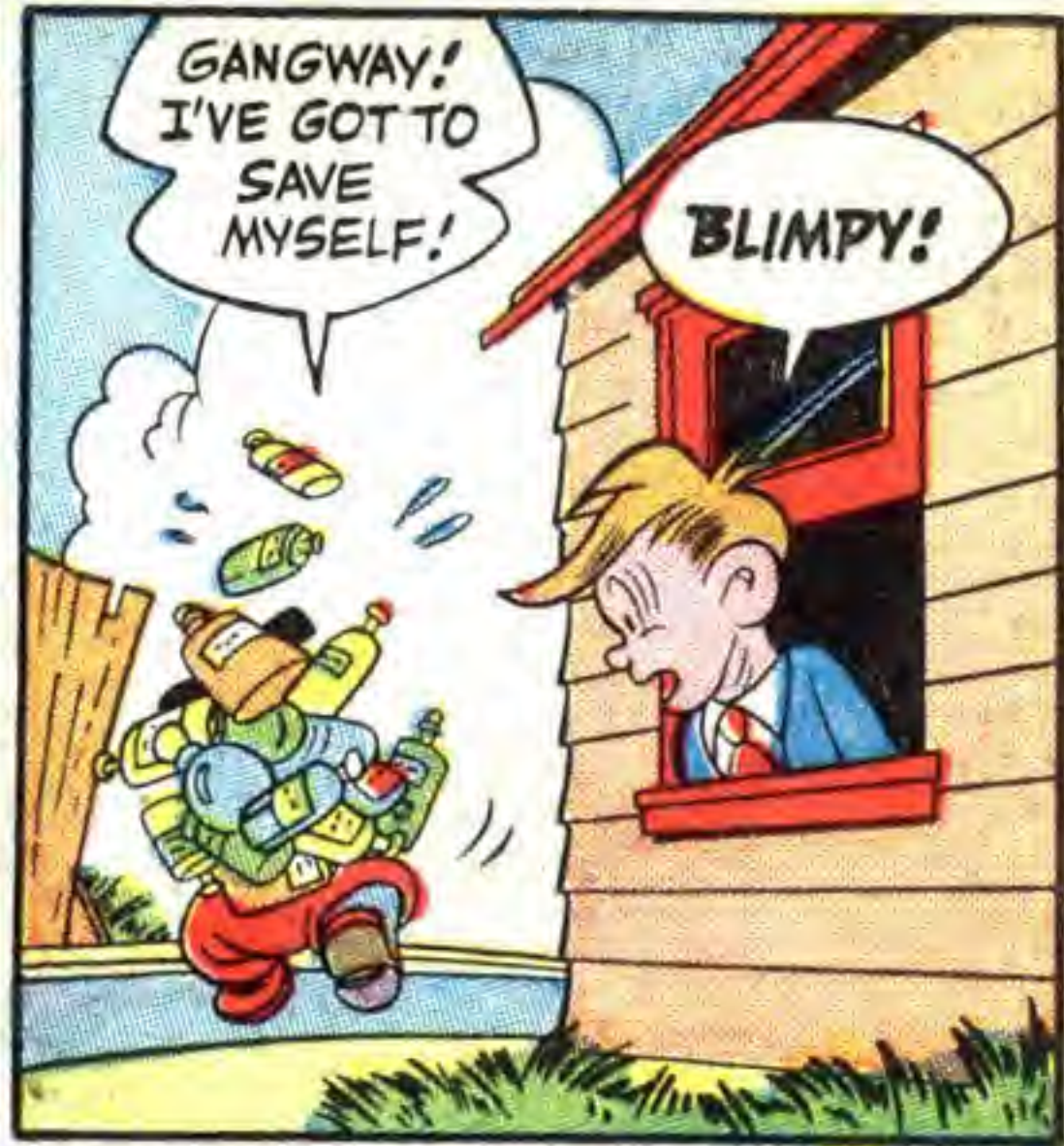








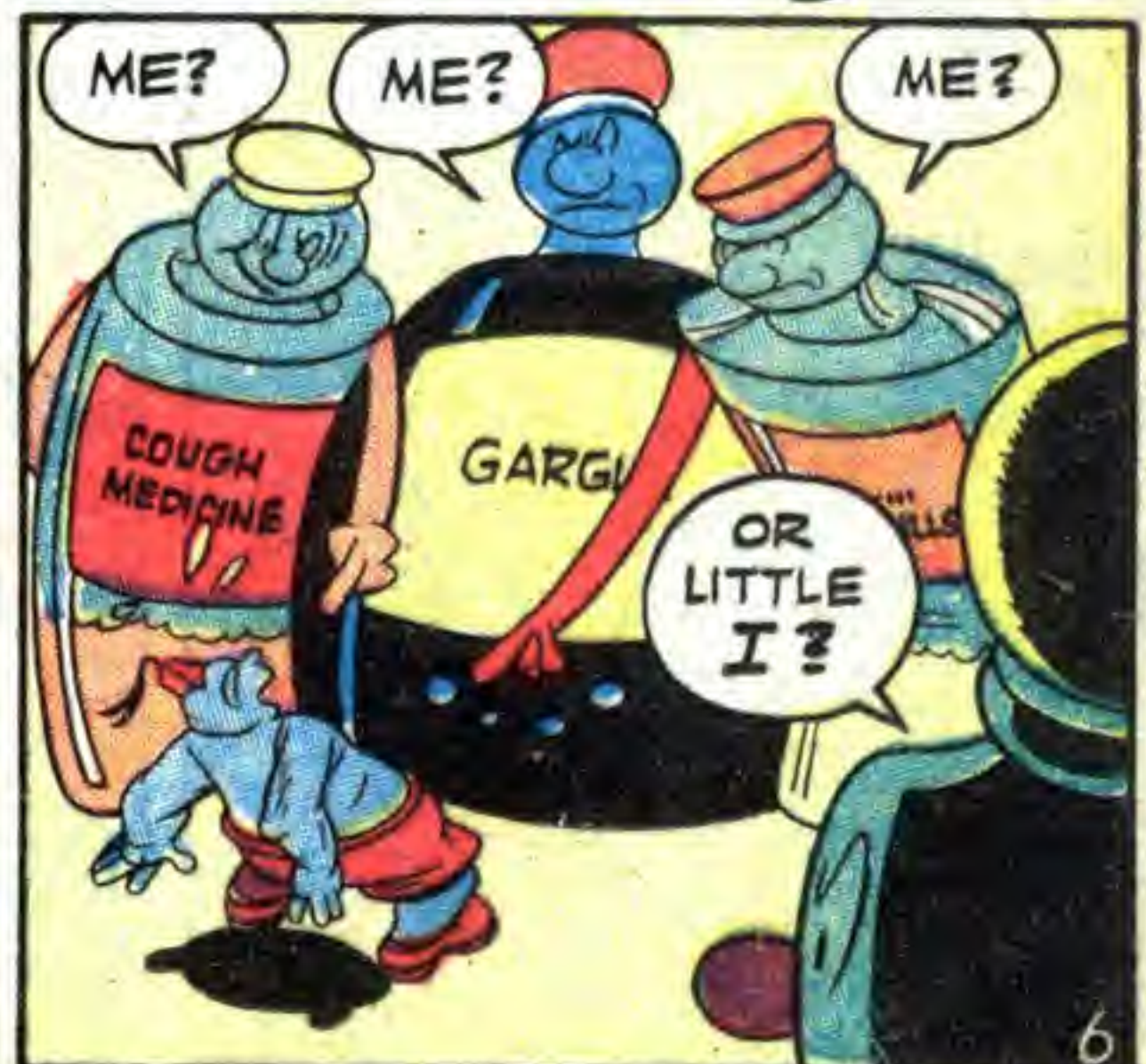
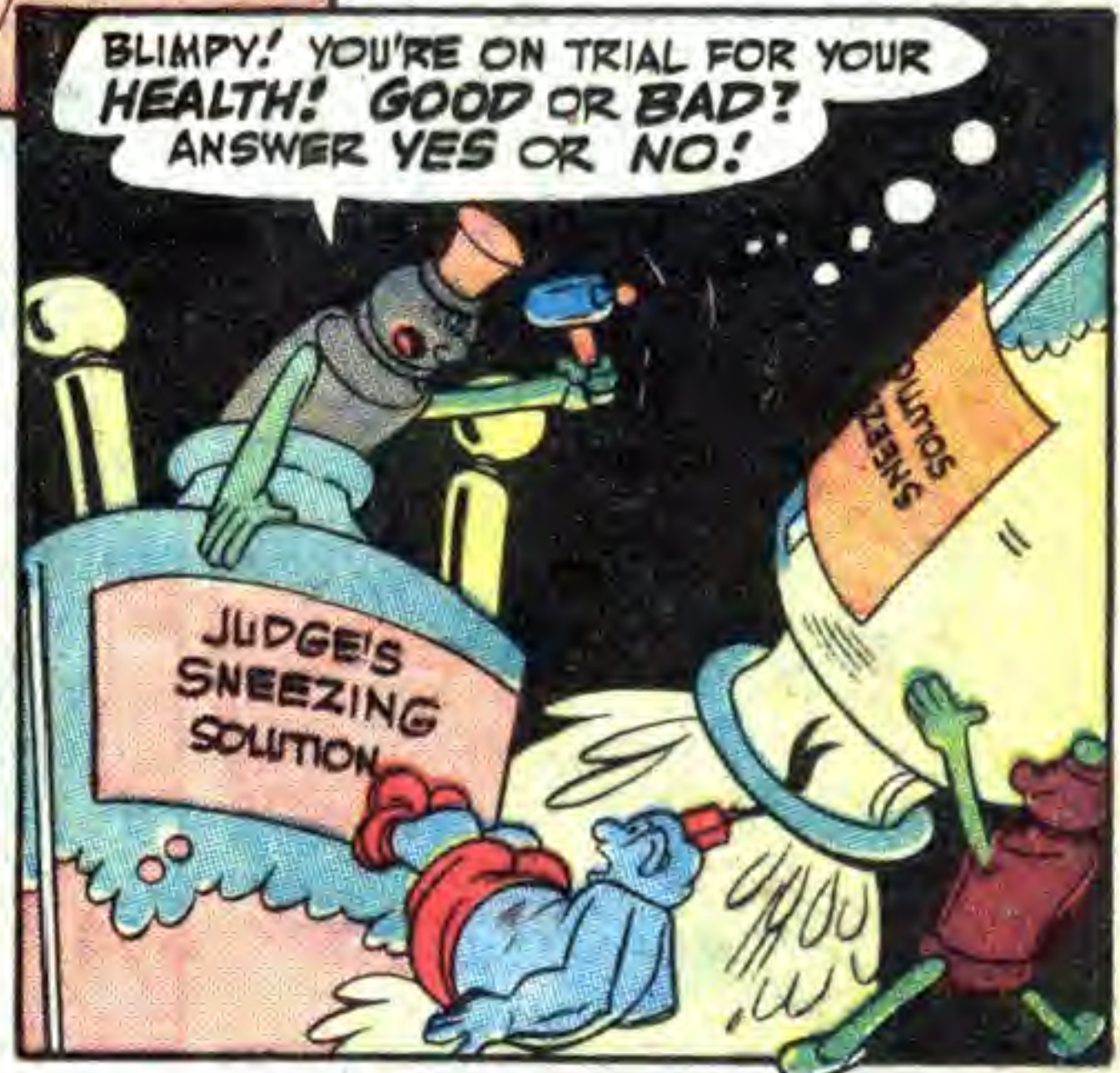
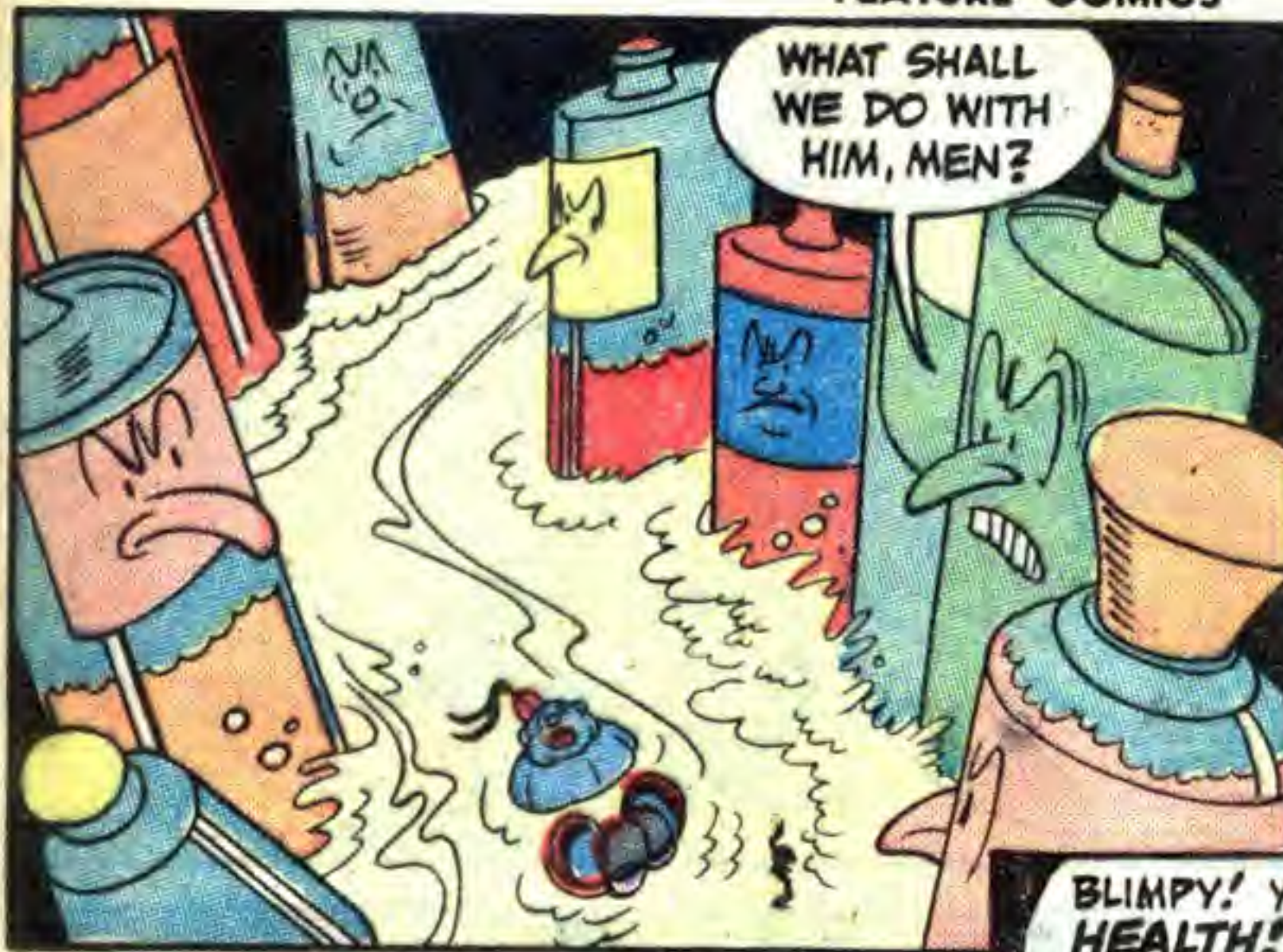




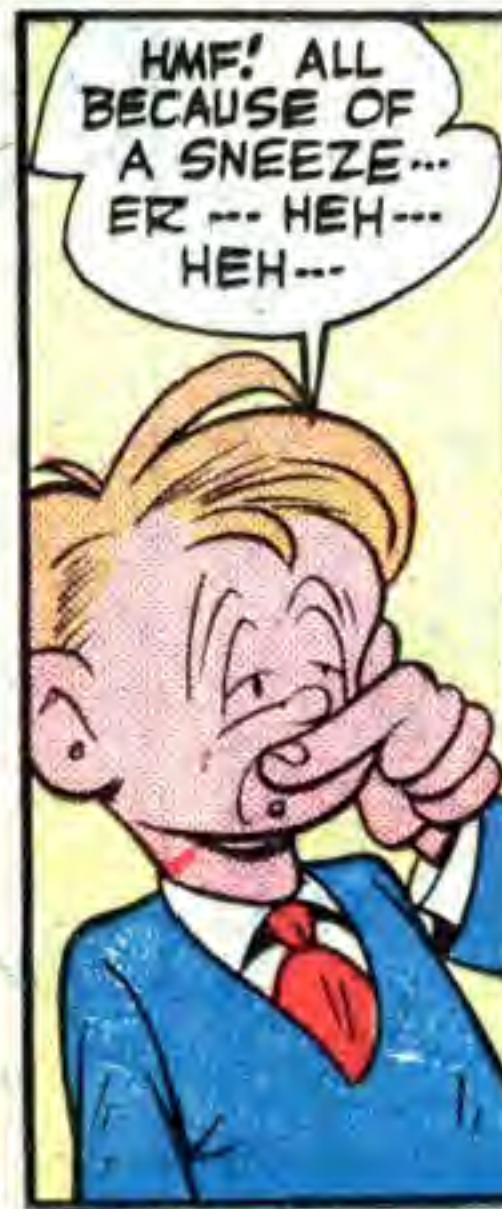
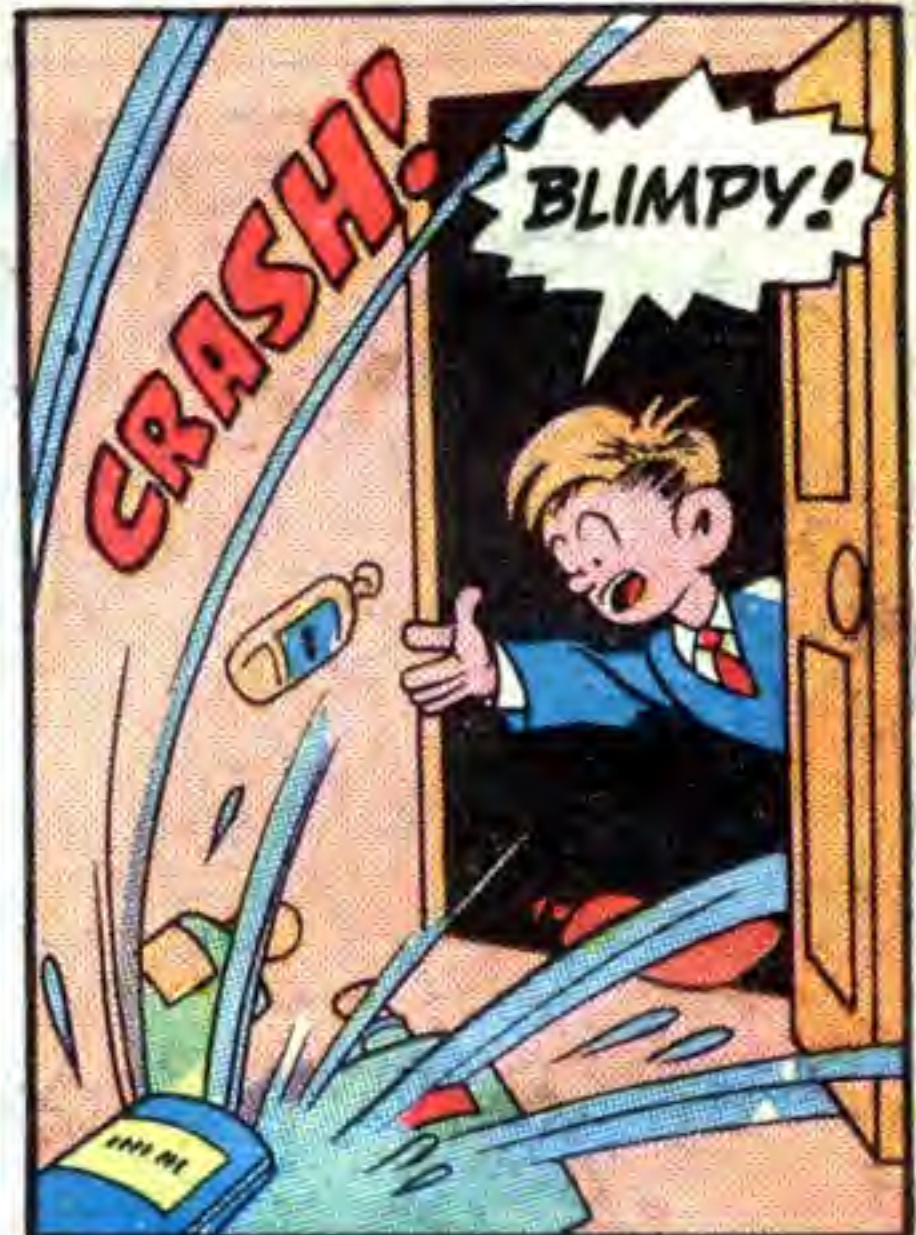
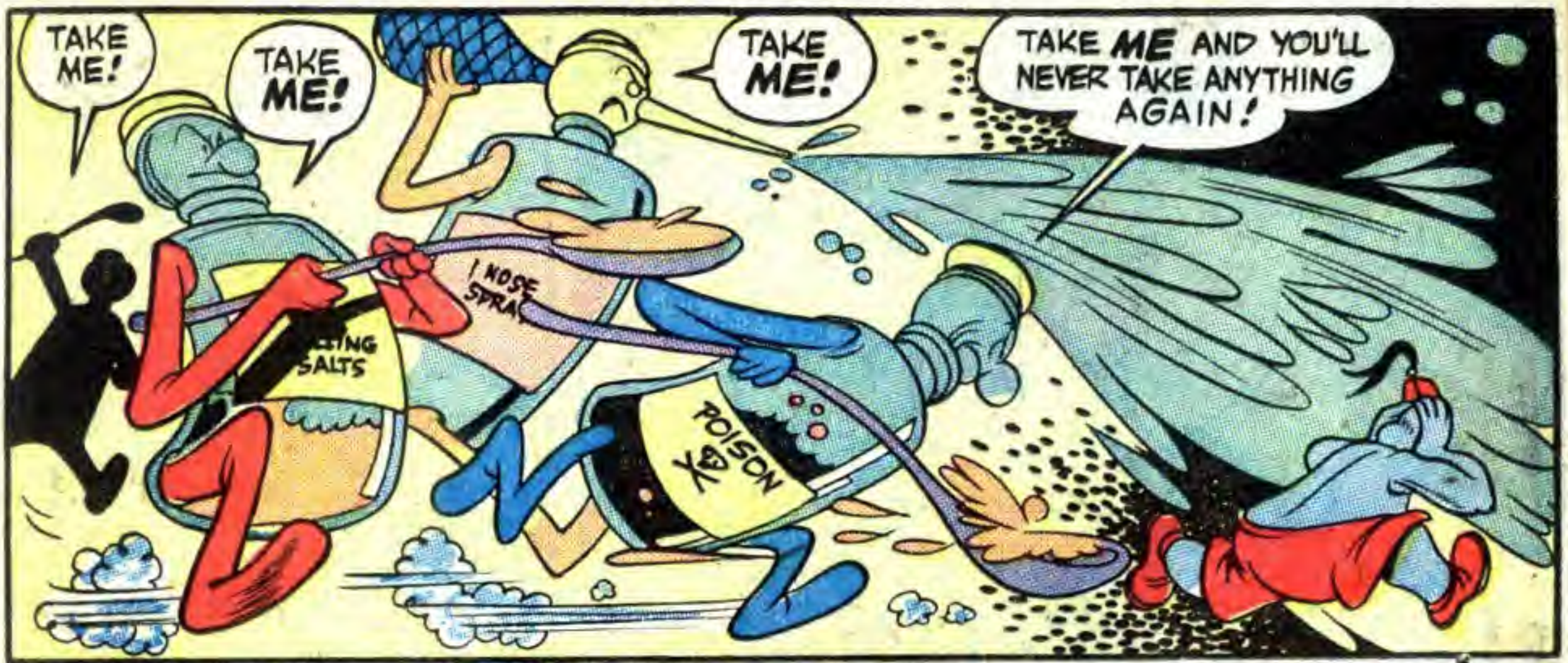




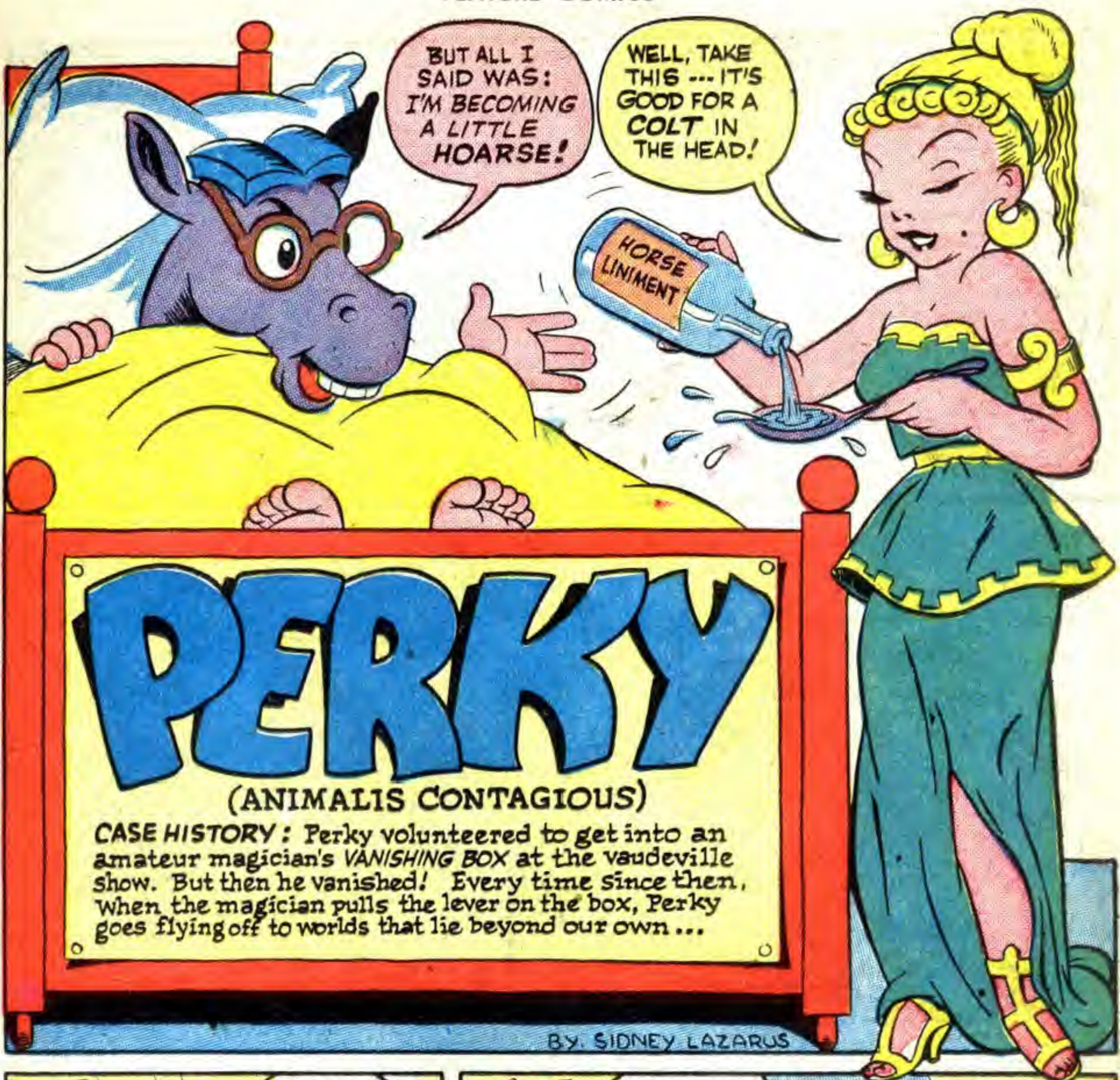




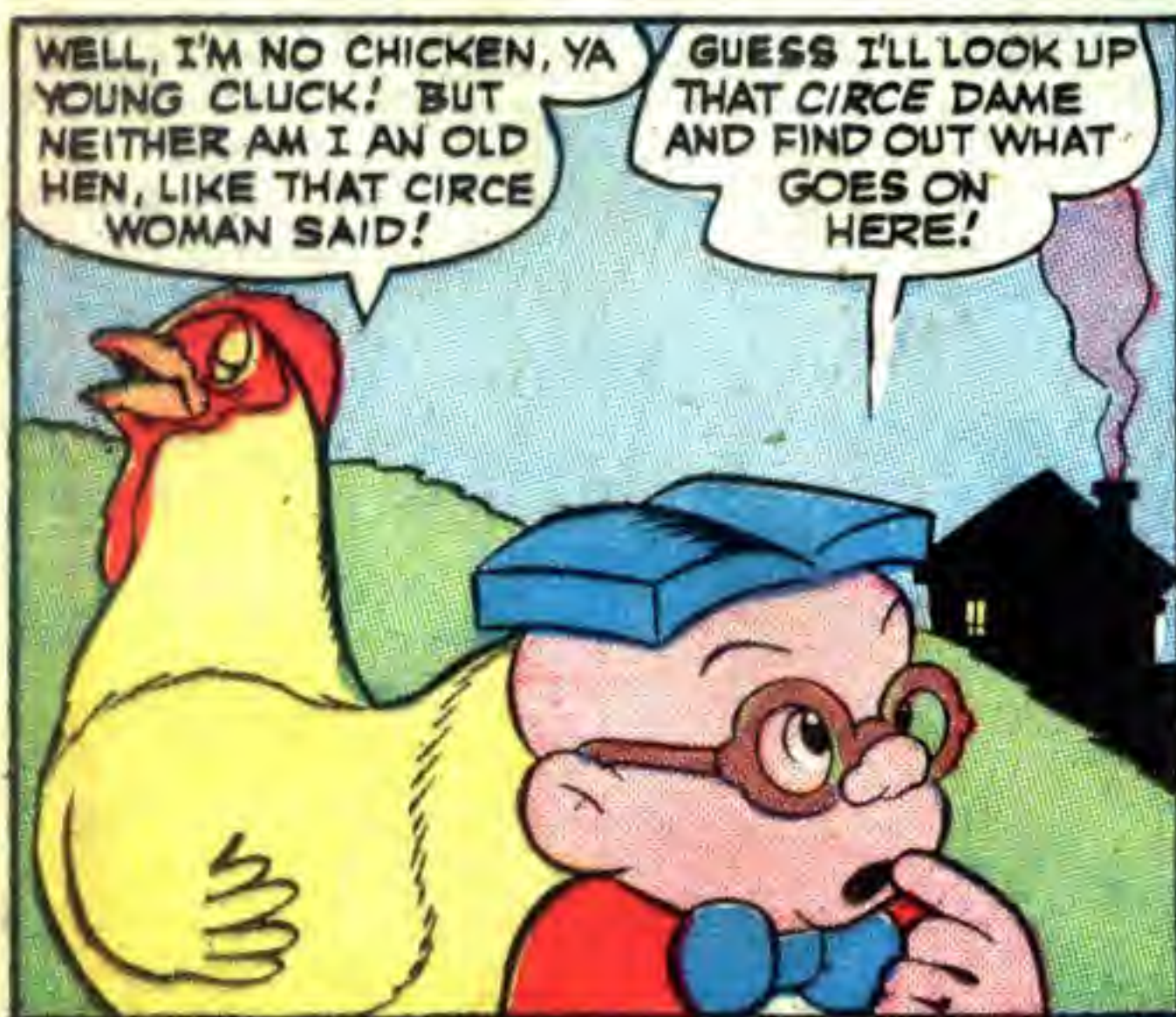
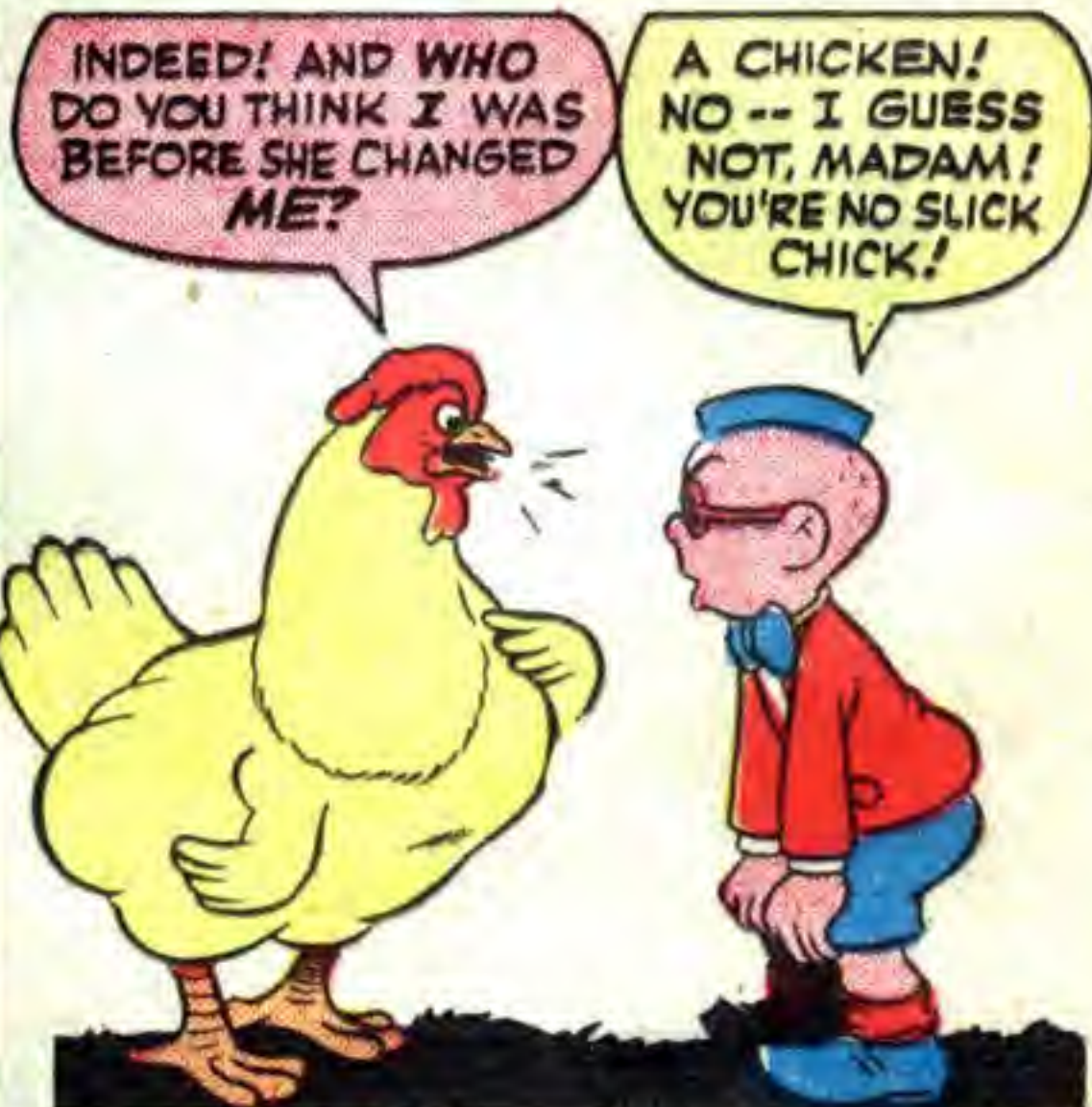
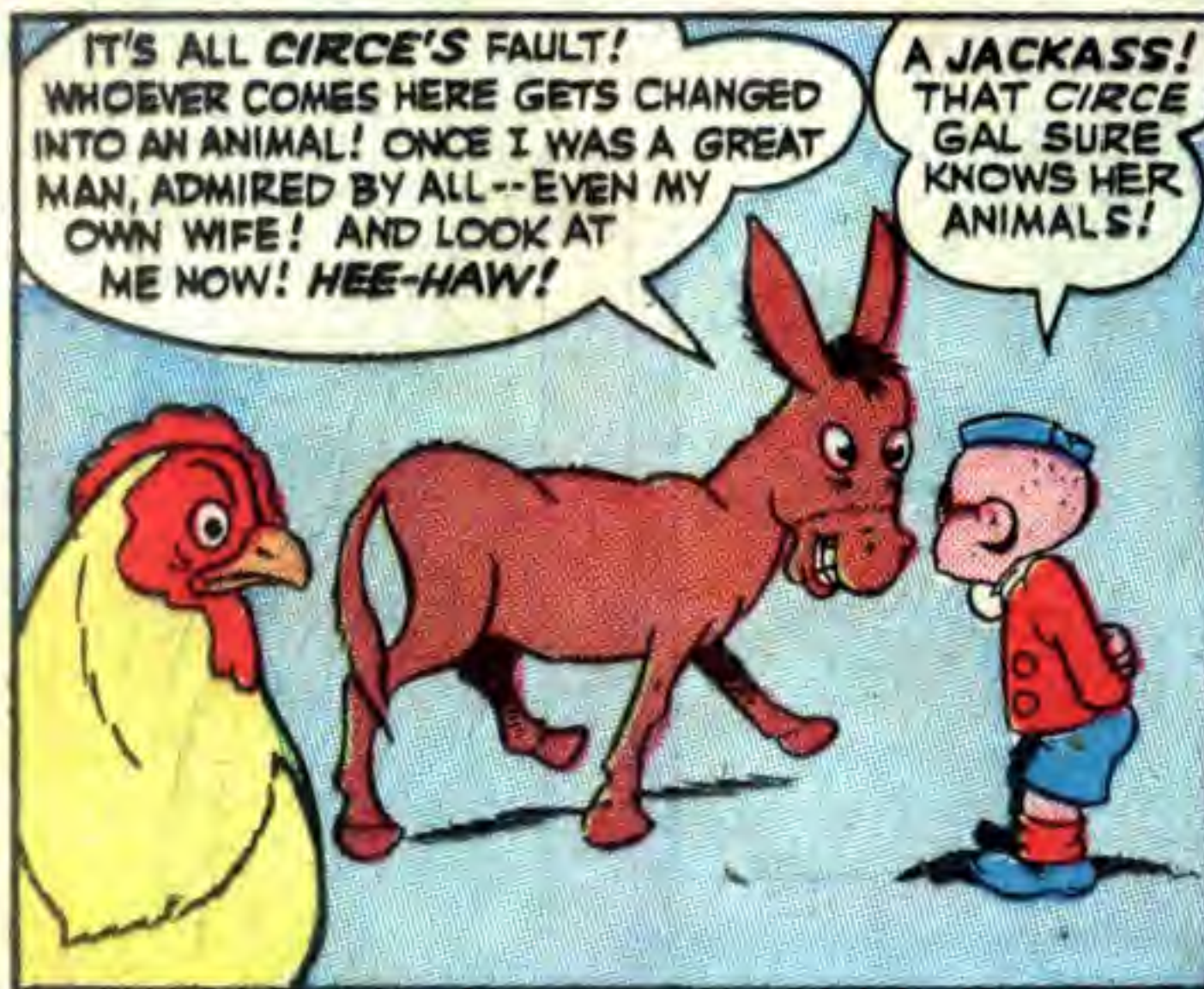
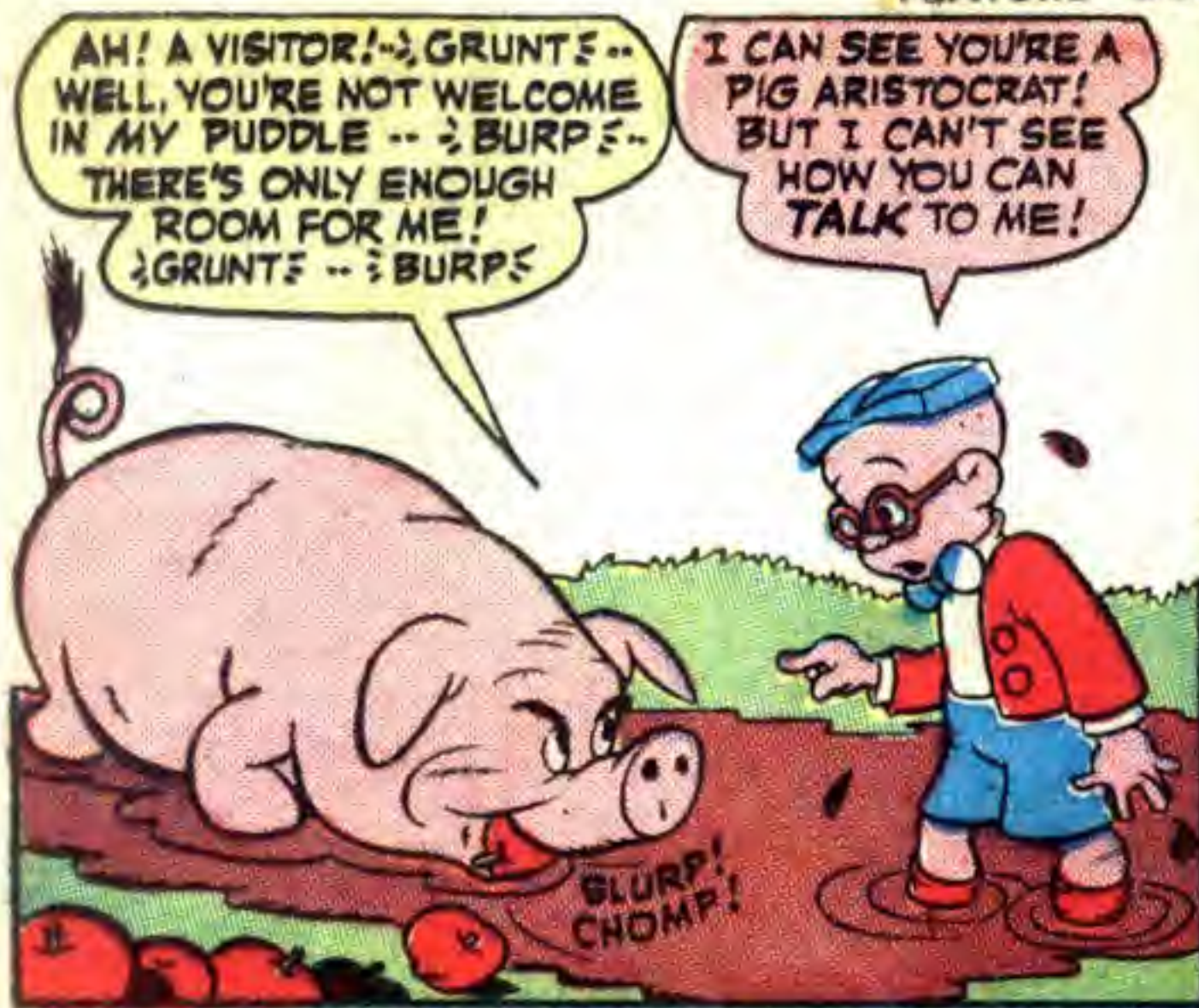
















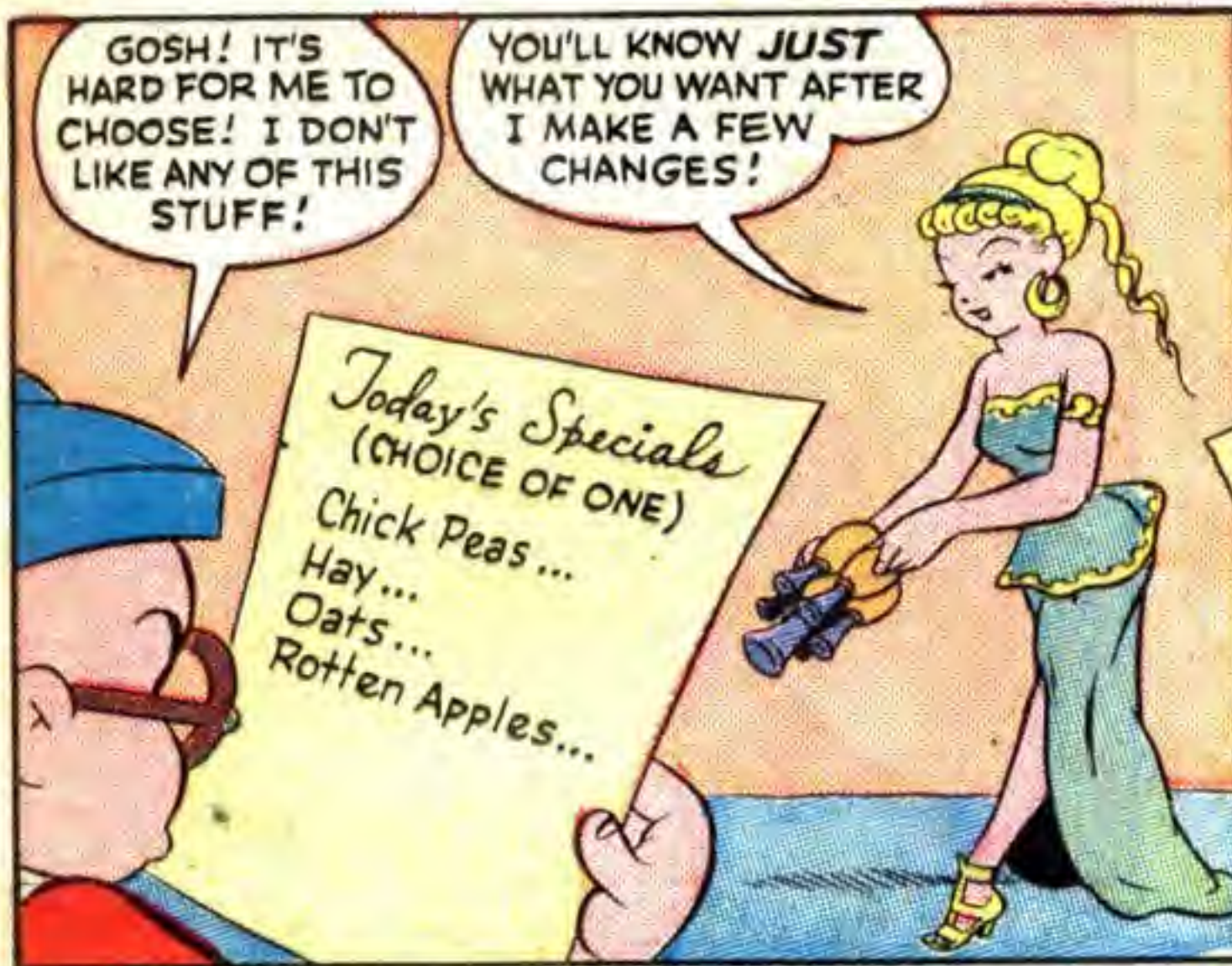
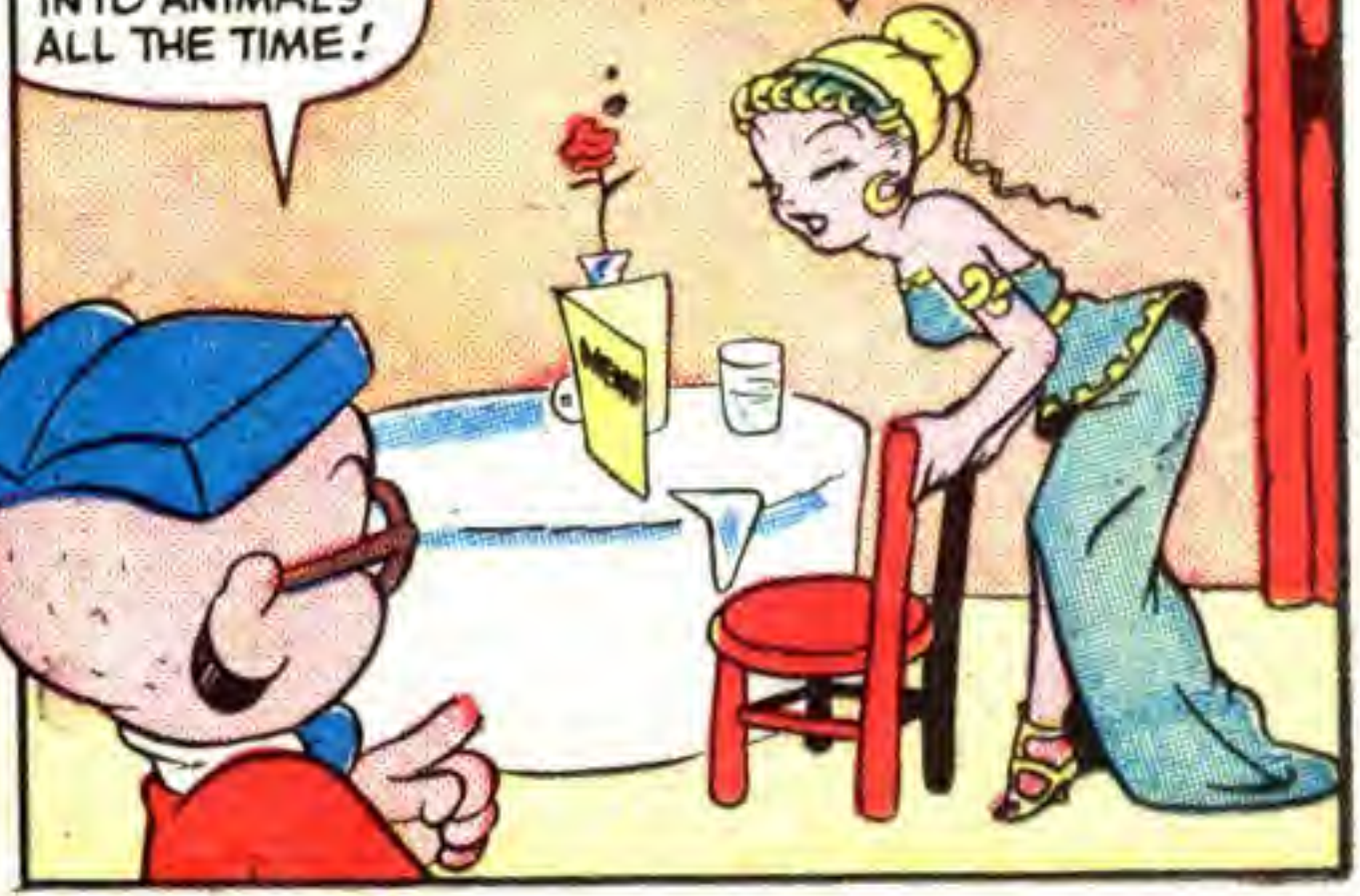
AH! THERE SHE IS!

ER--GOOD DAY, MADAM! MAY I COME IN?

BUT CERTAINLY! I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY PEOPLE AROUND HERE IN A DOG'S AGE!

MAYBE THERE WOULD BE A LOT MORE PEOPLE IF YOU DIDN'T CHANGE THEM INTO ANIMALS ALL THE TIME!

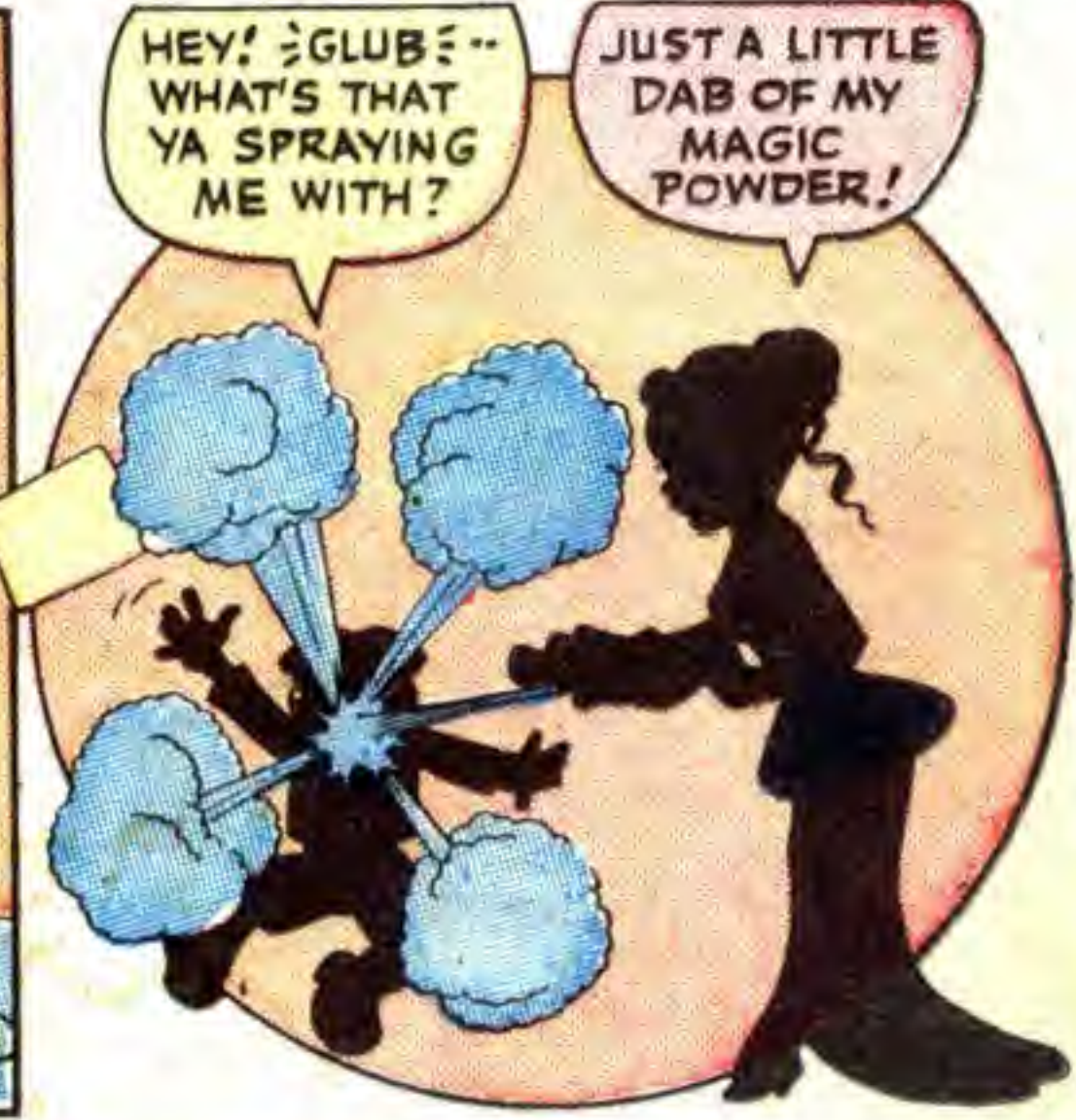
I SEE YOU'VE BEEN TALKING TO MY LIVE STOCK --- THEY'RE A LOT BETTER OFF AS THEY ARE --- BUT FIRST, WHAT'LL YOU EAT?



GOSH! IT'S HARD FOR ME TO CHOOSE! I DON'T LIKE ANY OF THIS STUFF!

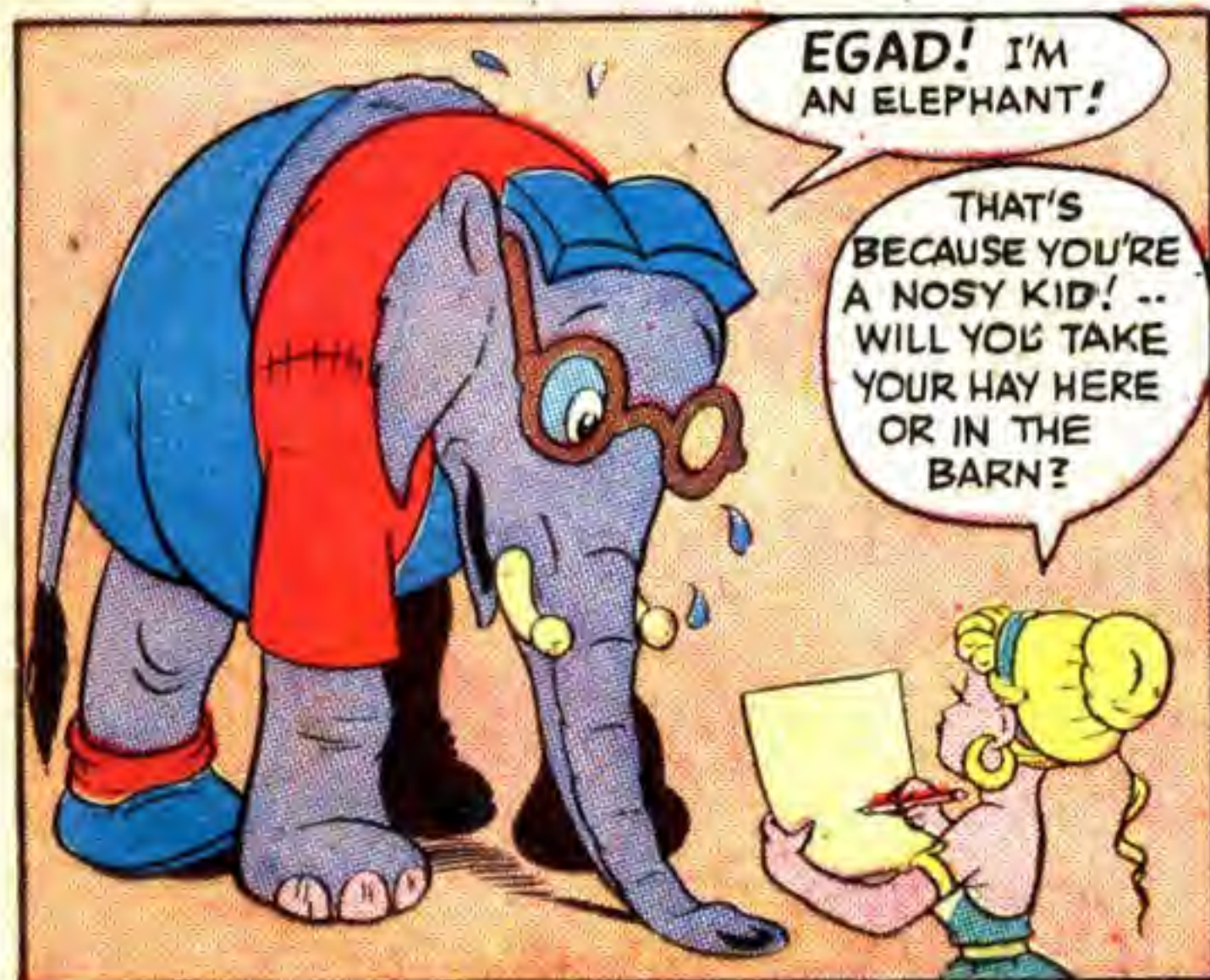
YOU'LL KNOW **JUST** WHAT YOU WANT AFTER I MAKE A FEW CHANGES!

*Today's Specials*  
(CHOICE OF ONE)  
Chick Peas...  
Hay...  
Oats...  
Rotten Apples...



HEY! GLUB!... WHAT'S THAT YA SPRAYING ME WITH?

JUST A LITTLE DAB OF MY MAGIC POWDER!



EGAD! I'M AN ELEPHANT!

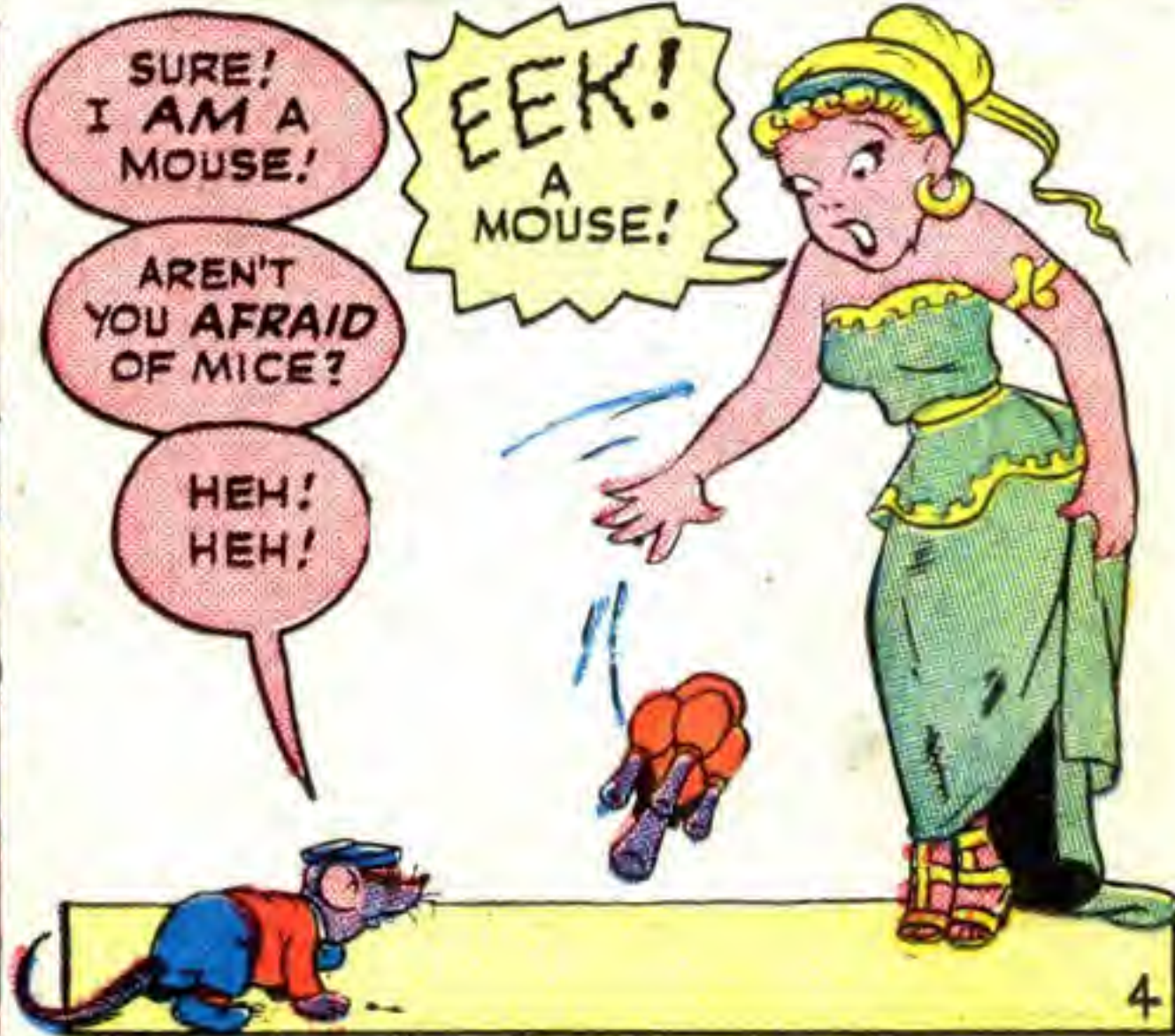
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE A NOSY KID! -- WILL YOU TAKE YOUR HAY HERE OR IN THE BARN?



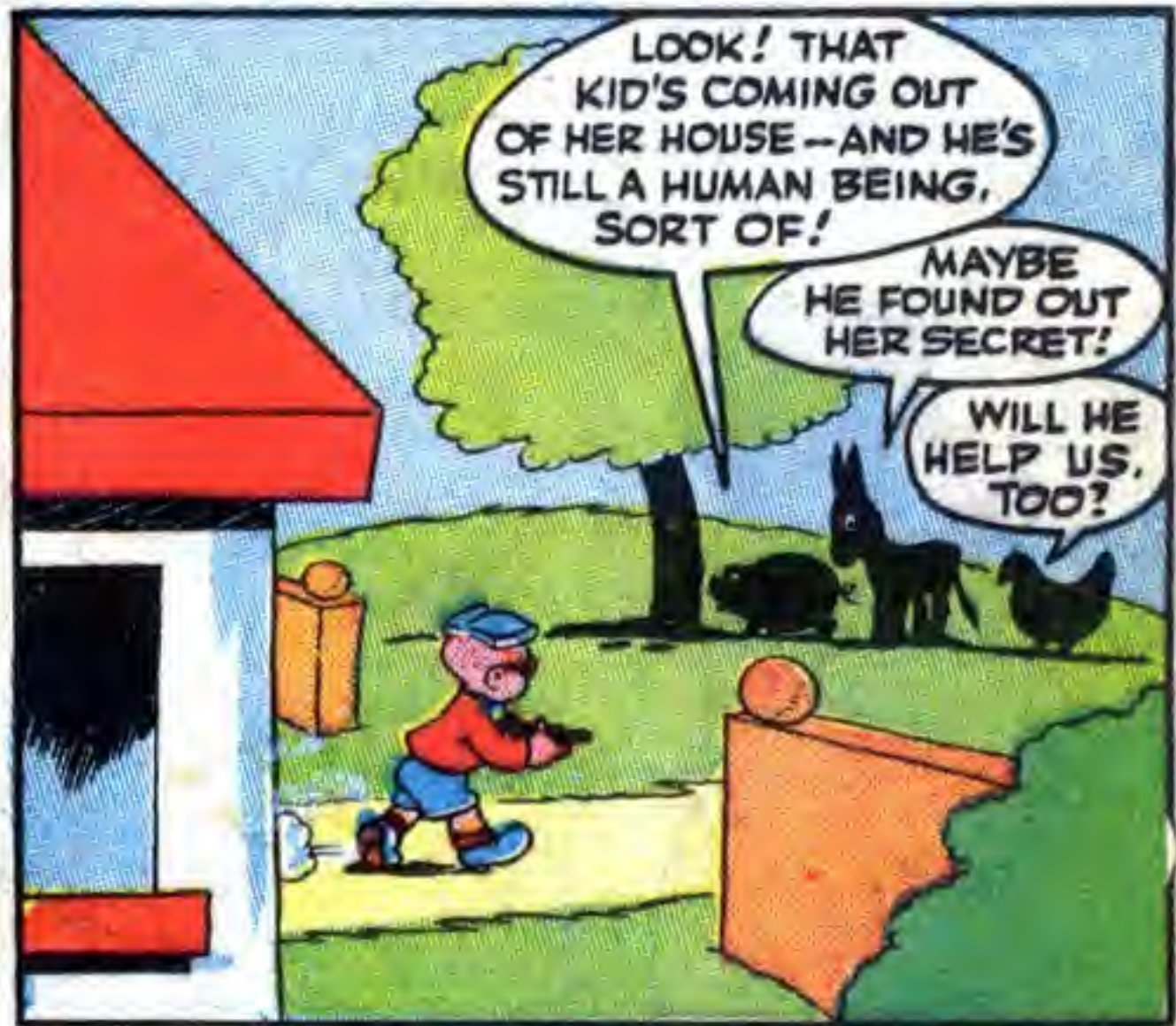
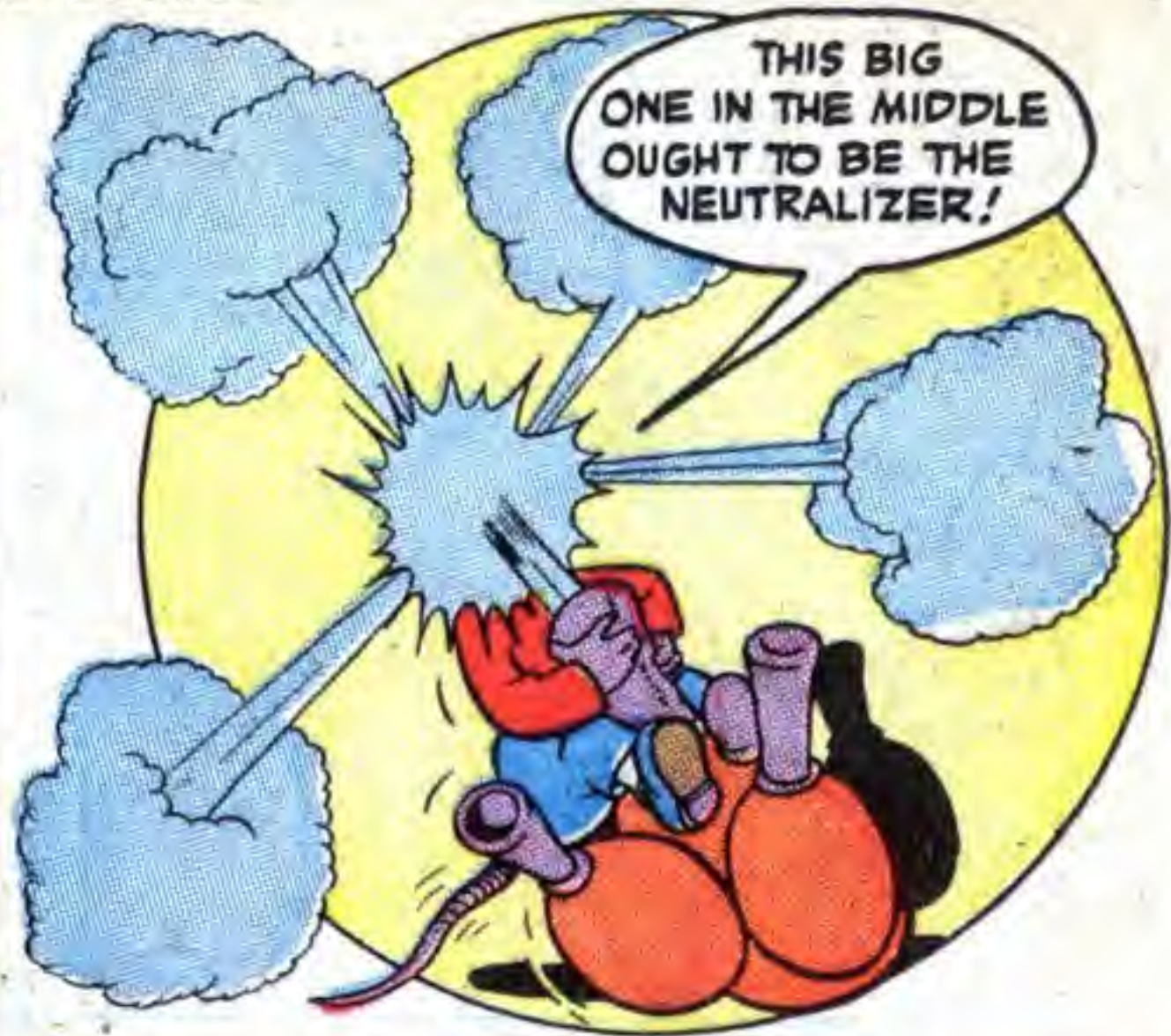
NOW LOOK, LADY, YOU GOT ME ALL WRONG! I'M NOT NOSY AT ALL! IN FACT, I MIND MY OWN BUSINESS-- I BOTHER NOBODY-- NOBODY BOTHERS ME!

WELL-- IN THAT CASE---

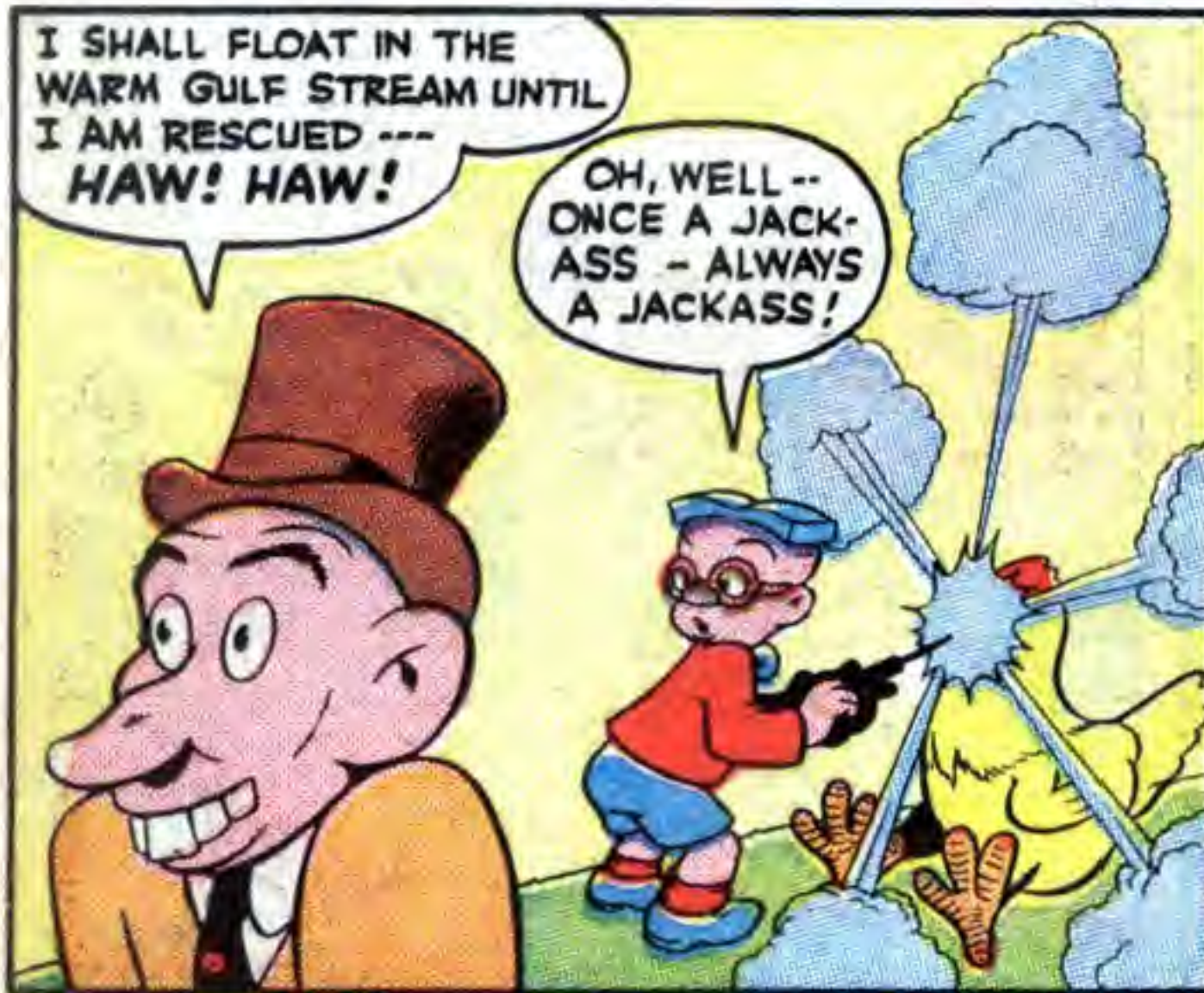






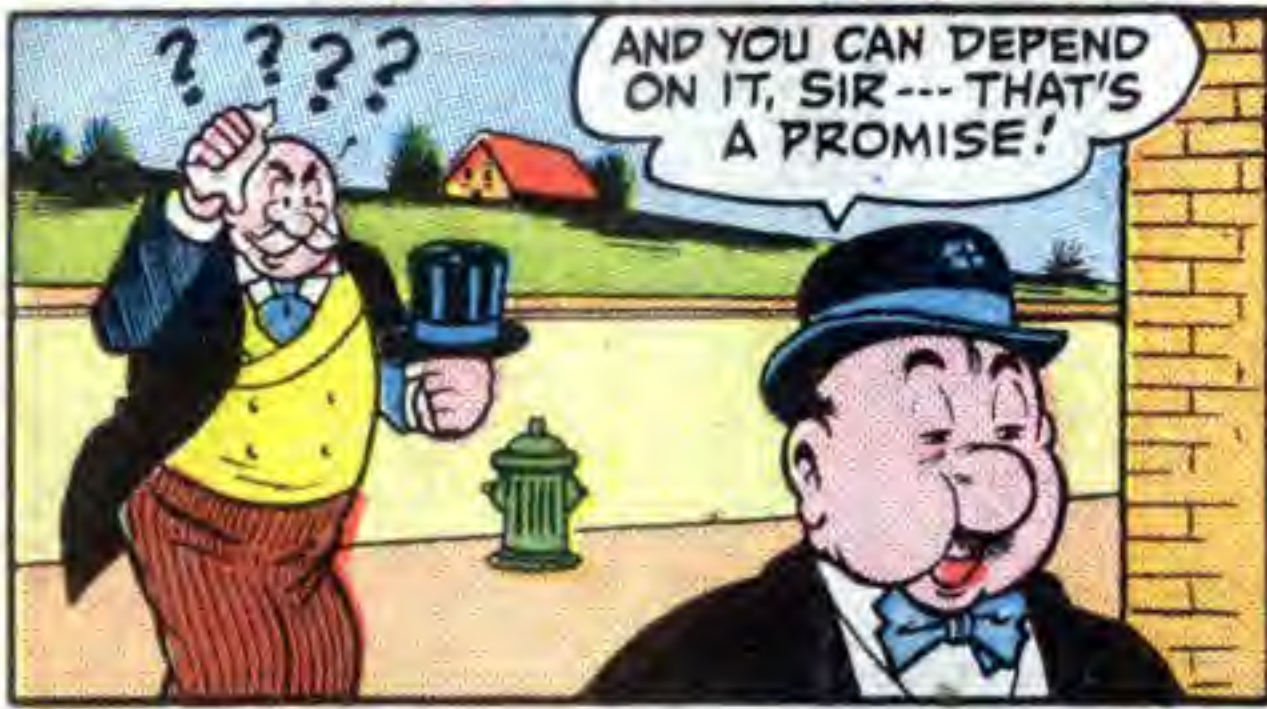






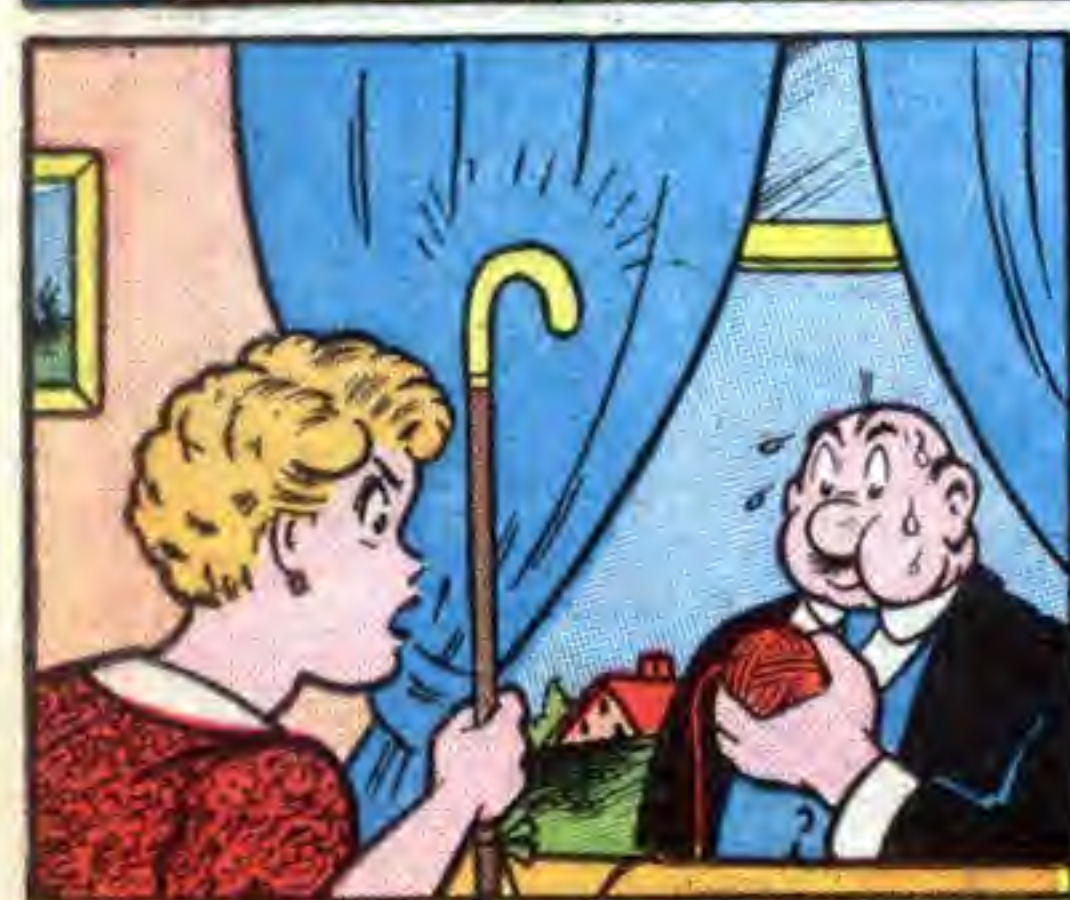
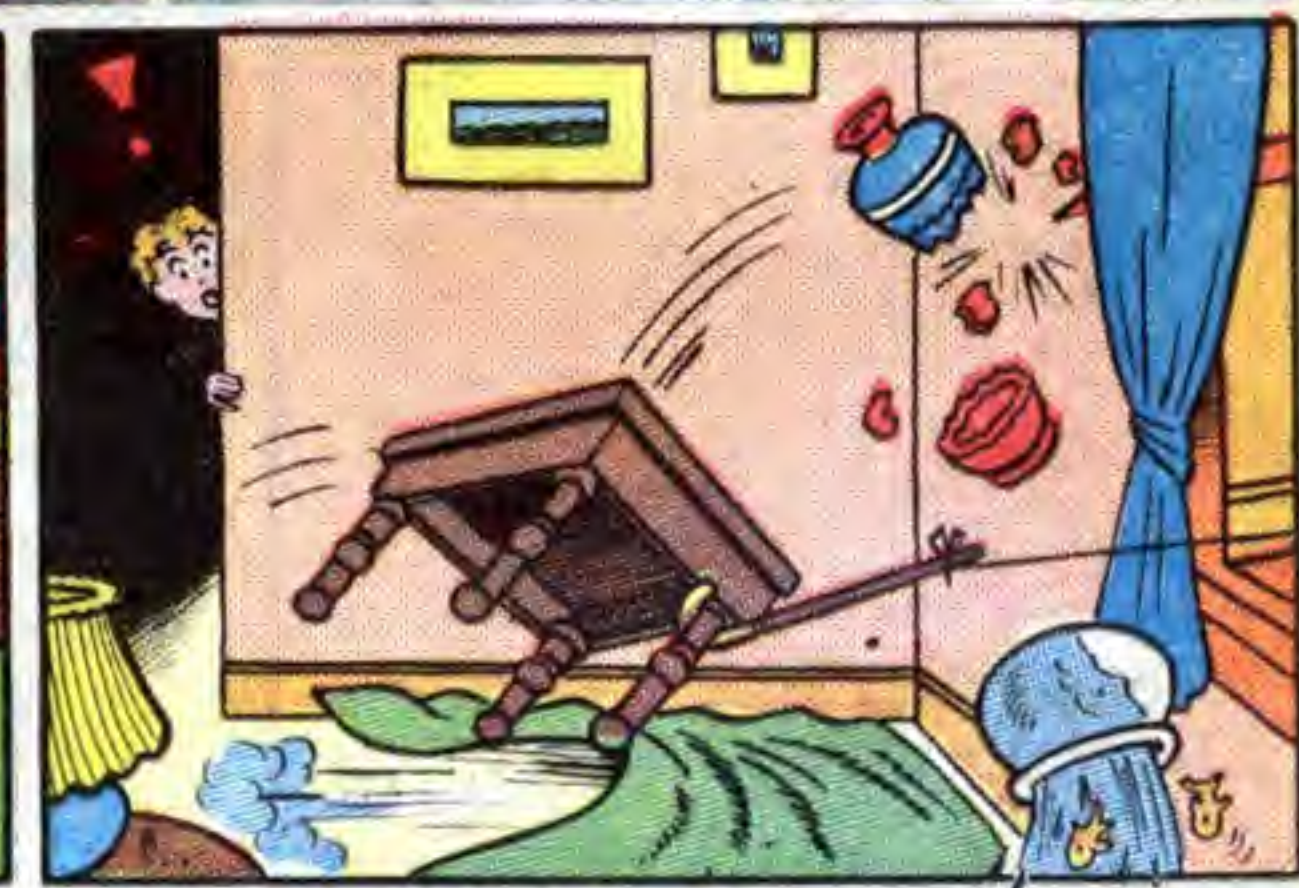


# LALA PALOOZA



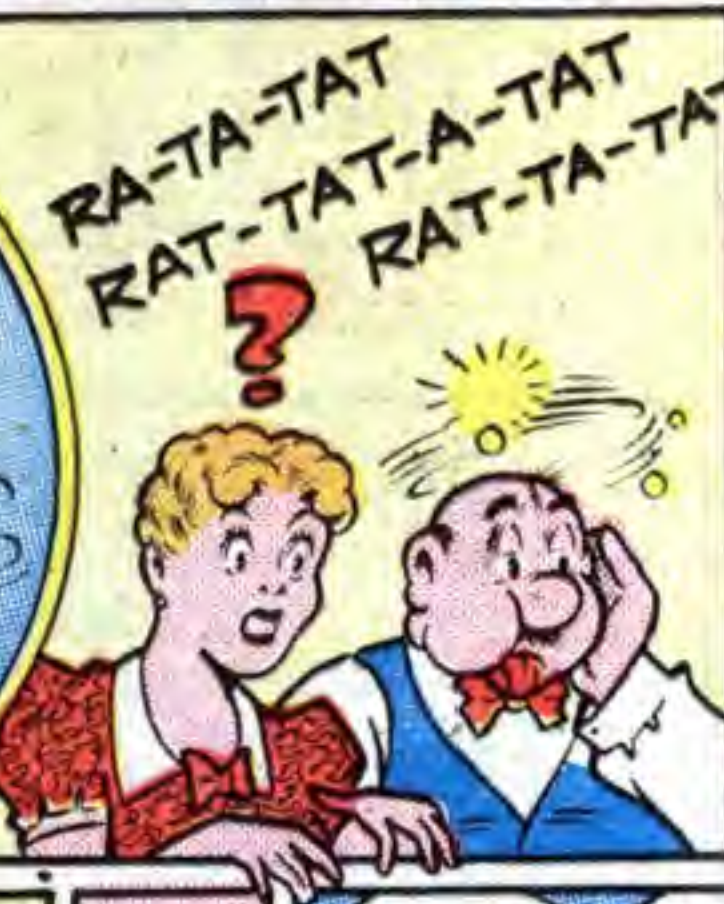
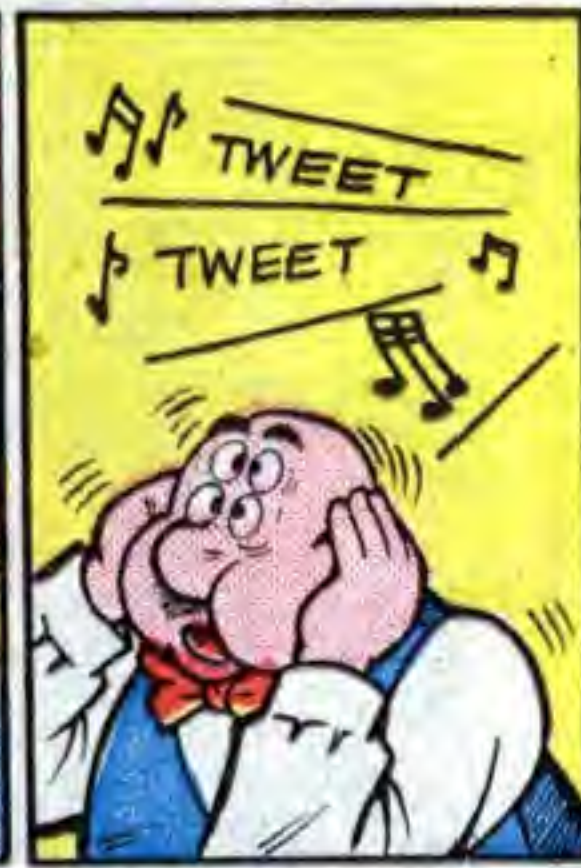
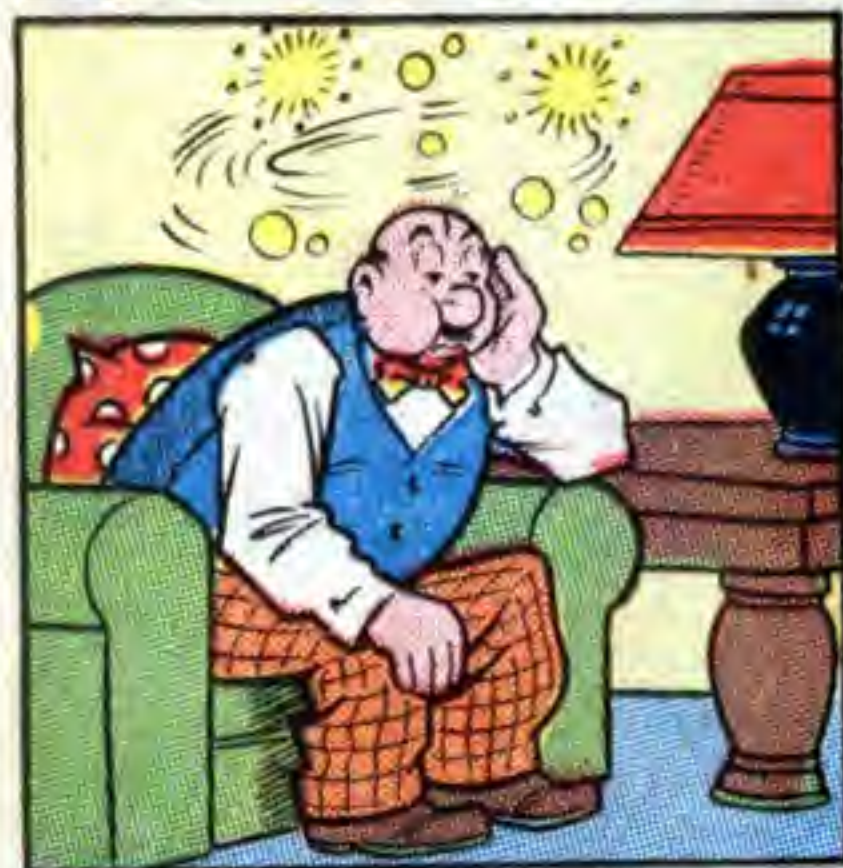


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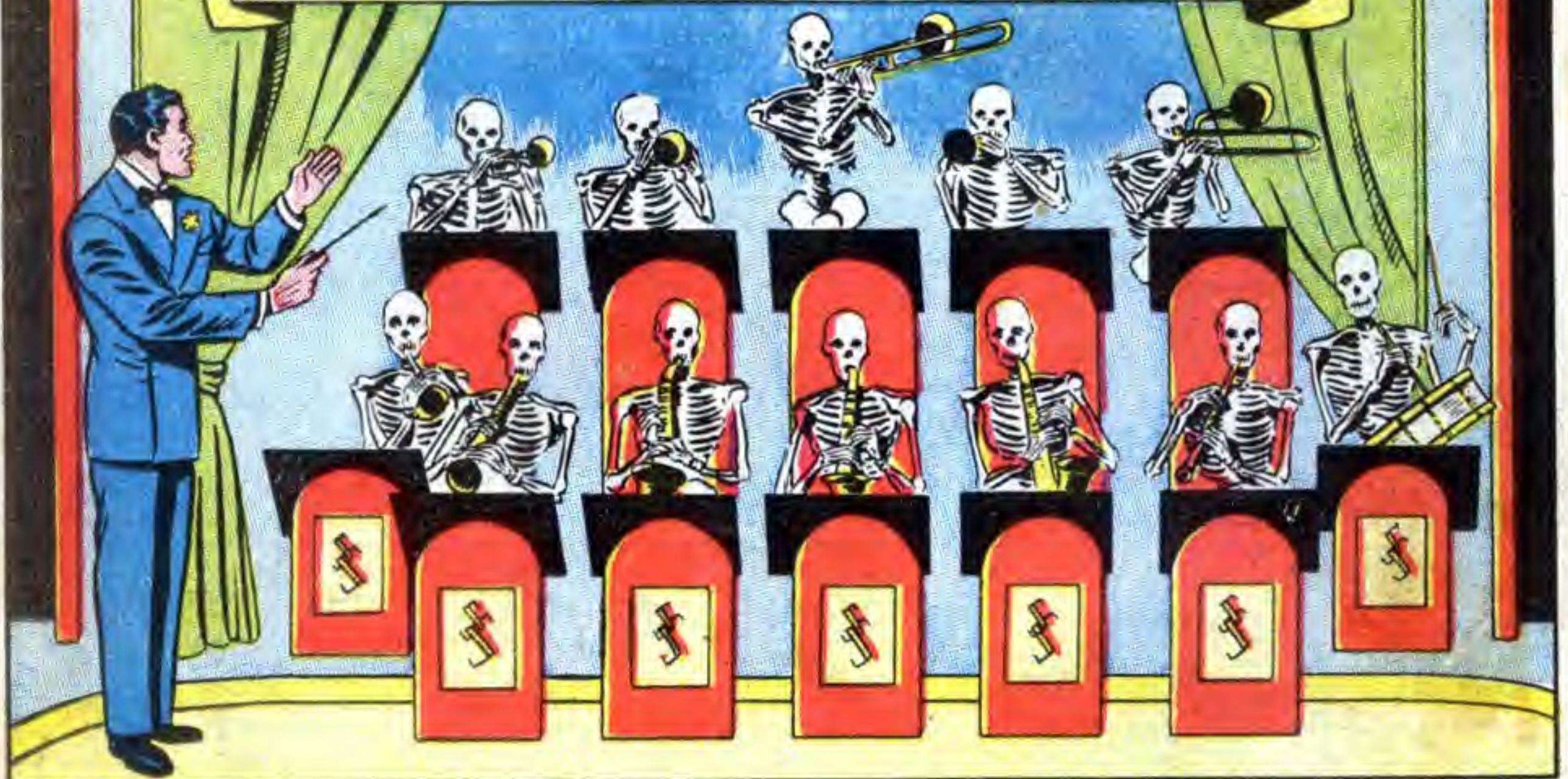
# LALA PALOOZA





# SWING SISSON

SWING SISSON knew how to send the customers with his solid rythm harmony, but even he had never seen the joint jump the way it did when a **GHOST** sat in on a jam session!



HELLO, DUNDY! WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU LOOK AS IF YOU WERE ABOUT TO CHOKE ON A BONE!

IT'S WORSE THAN THAT, SWING!



WONDERFUL, DUNDY! YOU'VE HAD YOUR SONG PUBLISHED! BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO CALL IT THE BEAGLE STREET RAG!

I WAS... AND I DIDN'T HAVE THIS PUBLISHED! LOOK AT THE COMPOSER'S NAME!



MARVIN TATE! I NEVER HEARD OF HIM!

NEITHER DID I! IT'S A PHONY NAME!



















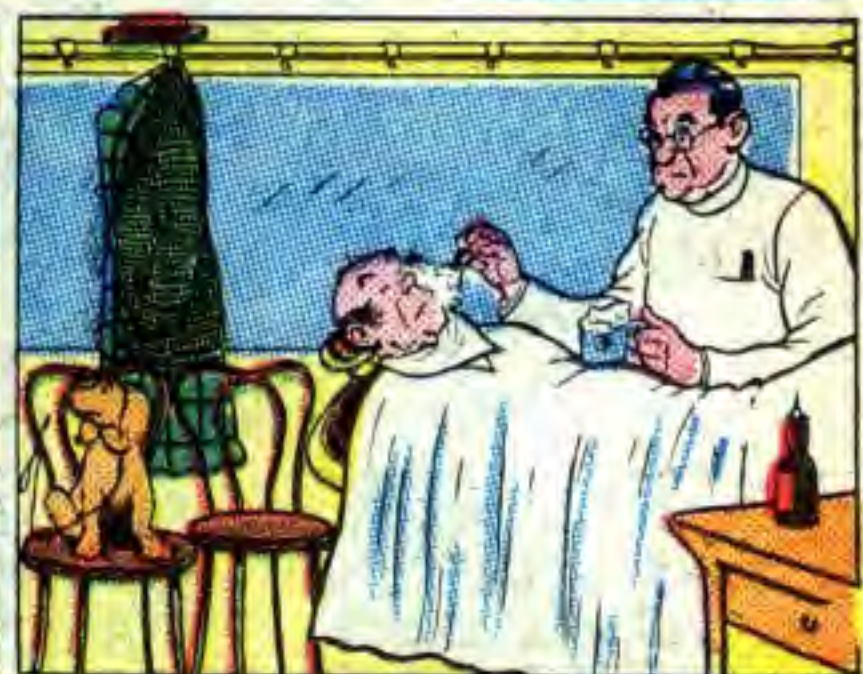






# MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



## NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard

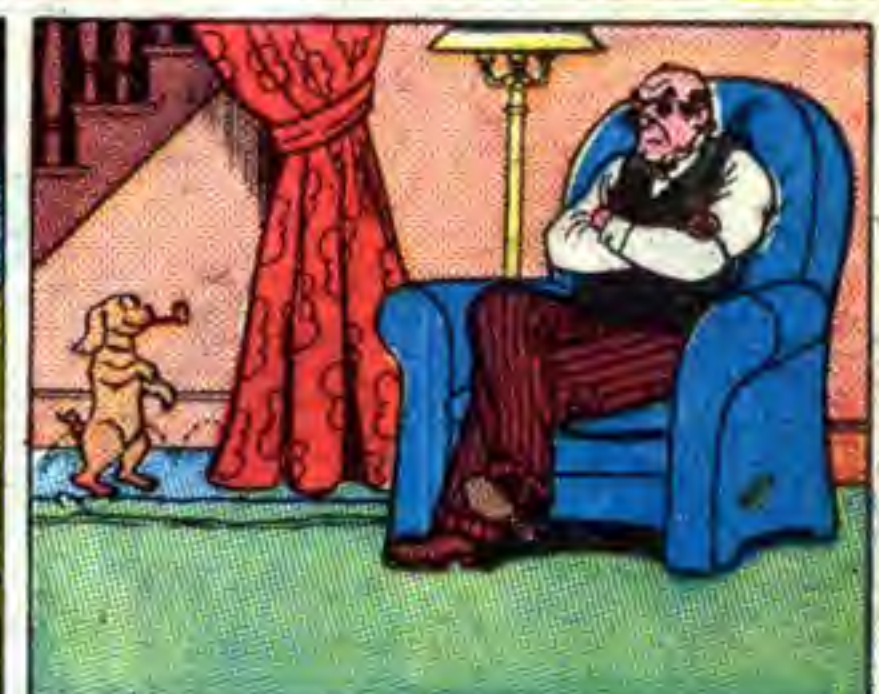




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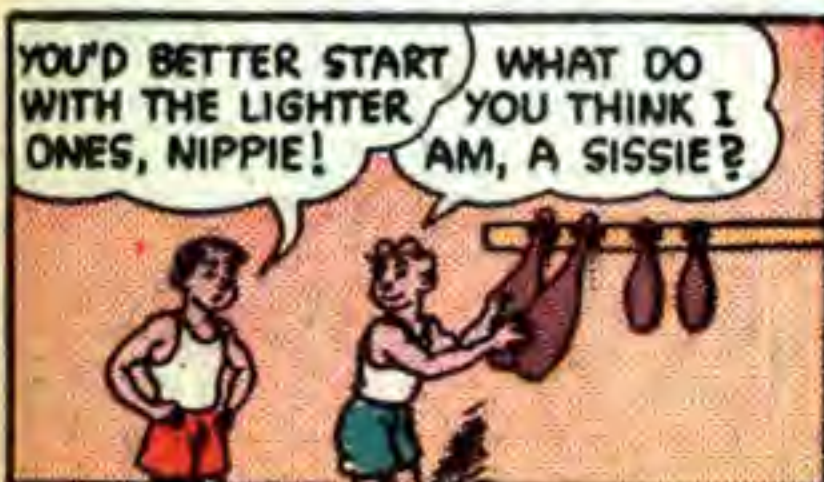
# MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard





# MICKEY FINN

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## NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard





# MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



## NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard







# Spook of San Nicolas

**O**N bright moonlit nights, Juana Maria, dead these many years, stands on the highest point of San Nicolas Island and gazes sadly out to sea. The wild winds whip her robe of bird feathers. Slowly she turns away, as if weary of the sight, and trudges down the rock slope, shaking her head. She is lamenting the tragic fate of her baby, and her people who left her marooned.

Sometimes, according to seafaring men, the evening winds carry to them the sobbing of a child and the savage yelping of wild dogs.

Of these strange things we have only the oft-repeated tales. Mariners tell the story of the ghost of San Nicolas in hushed tones. But we know that it has some basis in fact because there was a Juana Maria, and she was actually marooned on the lonely isle for 18 years.

When Perry Scott's cutter, the *Sark*, put into the tiny cove of San Nicolas not long ago, it was not so much to find the "spook" but to do some exploring for the Santa Cruz Museum of Natural History.

Now, anybody knows that the Channel Islands off the coast of Santa Barbara are rich in historical lore. Santa Cruz is famous for its one-time ancient family of the Cares, who ran sheep on the island until the wild boars made sheep herding virtually impossible.

Anacapa Island has provided valuable aboriginal findings and artifacts of a long-dead tribe of

Indians. This also applies to the island of San Miguel.

Of San Nicolas not so much is known except the almost-legend of Juana Maria, which is not a legend by any means. Perhaps we had better give the highlights of the story briefly, since it ties in with our own yarn.

On a fine morning in July, 1835, a schooner under the captaincy of Charles Hubbard, sailed out of San Pedro harbor to bring the San Nicolas islanders to the mainland.

A storm struck two miles off the island. Small boats were put off and hurriedly the Indians were taken to the ship. In the excitement of final abandonment, a baby was left behind. The mother of the infant, believing her child was carried by a friend, didn't make the discovery until the ship was far at sea. Then she implored the captain to put about. But the storm prohibited this. He promised to return later.

The young mother, desperate, leaped overboard and struck out through the giant waves toward the island. Many years passed and several times ships landed crews on the island. They searched for the lost mother or child, never finding either.

But in 1853, some seal hunters landed on San Nicolas and one Brown, while strolling through the bush, came upon a crude hut. Inside he found a fair Indian woman cowering. He could not understand her language, but she made it plain that she would accompany the men on board the ship.

Arrived in Santa Barbara, the populace poured out on the beach to see "the wild woman from San Nicolas." Wild as she looked, there was nothing wild about this poor creature. She eventually made it clear that wild dogs had eaten her baby soon after she swam back to the island. She had lived like a "wild woman" all those years.

She was friendly and cheerful, but civilization proved fatal to her. One day she sickened and died. A priest was called just before she gasped her last breath. The sign of the cross was pressed to her cooling brow, and the unknown and nameless creature was christened "Juana Maria" by Father Sanchez.

In the walled cemetery, from whose portals leer ghastly skulls, close to the shelter of the tower of Mission Santa Barbara, is the neglected grave of a devoted mother, the heroine of San Nicolas.

The Mission fathers sent Juana Maria's feather robes to Rome. They were made of the satiny plumage of the green cormorant, the feathers pointing downward and so cleverly matched as to seem one continuous sheen of changeful lustre. Record of that early baptism is in the church register.

And that's the story of Juana Maria, the ghost of San Nicolas.

It was not the "spook" that took Perry Scott to San Nicolas. It was a far more tangible thing. It was a thing that had been worrying Uncle Sam for several months. Perry had his own ideas of what constituted the menace. So did the



Coast Guard. The latter scoffed at Perry's idea; it was too preposterous.

"Maybe," was Perry's comment. But he went right on with his plans.

The problem was this: for months a vast quantity of valuable gems had been flooding American markets, yet there was no customs record of their entry. Someone was smuggling the stones into the country, but who? All customs men had been working overtime, on the lookout of the culprit. Nothing had been found.

The thing that had given Perry his first inkling of skullduggery was the report of a "strange whale" reportedly seen several times with other whales roaming and disporting themselves near the Channel Islands. This "whale" didn't act strictly whalish, said the men on whale boats. It had been fired upon but the harpoons had taken no effect; always the big beast had got away.

Perry's cutter, the *Sark*, was exceptionally fast—faster than any whale. For a couple of weeks the *Sark* cruised in and around the islands, several times sighting whales. But not once had he spotted the mysterious whale.

Then one bright afternoon the mate picked up a strangely acting whale some three miles off the starboard quarter. Perry ordered full speed. The cutter soon came up within hailing distance of the big creature. Then it did a strange thing: it gradually nosed down till it was lost to view under the waves.

"That isn't the way a whale sounds," said Perry. "We'll lay to and watch; whales have to come up now and then for a gulp of air, being mammals."

For two hours the *Sark* idled up-

on the waters but not once did the odd whale appear.

"It's no whale," said Perry positively. "I've said that a dozen times. Whales have to breathe. And that fellow didn't submerge as whales do."

"You mean," said the mate, "it's a wh—"

"I mean that it's no whale. It's a sub fixed up to resemble a whale!"

"Cripes!"

"A clever stunt and it's fooled not only the whalers but the Coast Guard," said Perry. "They don't believe it yet."

"What can we do?" the mate wanted to know.

"Tell Sparks to radio the nearest Coast Guard boat," Perry said. "Tell 'em to get here on the double-quick."

The mate ran aft to the radio house.

It was nearly an hour later that the Coast Guard's *Cygn*et hove to a hundred yards off. The commander came aboard.

"So you think it's a camouflaged sub," he said.

"I know it is, sir," Perry replied. "I know a whale sounds every so often. Our mysterious little job stays down."

"Have any plan?" the Coast Guard officer asked.

"Lay to—watch—and fire on her when she shows. Depth charges if she gets away and submerges."

The officer nodded. He called the deck of his boat by hand-talky radio and gave the orders. Then he turned to Perry. "Interesting, if true," he said. "But another angle comes up: how, if she is a sub, does she get the gems to shore?"

Perry grimed. "I've got another idea that is just as far-fetched as the sub-whale idea," he said. "But I think it's the answer."

"Carrier pigeon?" asked the officer, smiling.

"It was my first idea. I am not so sure now."

"Look!" cried the C. G. officer, pointing upward.

Four fast homing pigeons were streaking toward the distant shore.

Perry nodded. "I've seen several of 'em. But I think it's a neat decoy. I've had all shore-bound pigeon cotes inspected. Nary a clue. Of course, the bird may be housed farther inland."

It was toward two o'clock that afternoon that Perry, watching through his glasses, said quietly, "I think I see our man—or men." He held out the glasses.

The officer gazed through them, lowered them.

"But that's merely an old fishing trawler. I even know its owner—Horton. Been fishing these waters for years. Perfectly honest."

"Maybe Horton is not operating his boat these days," Perry suggested. "Let's go find out."

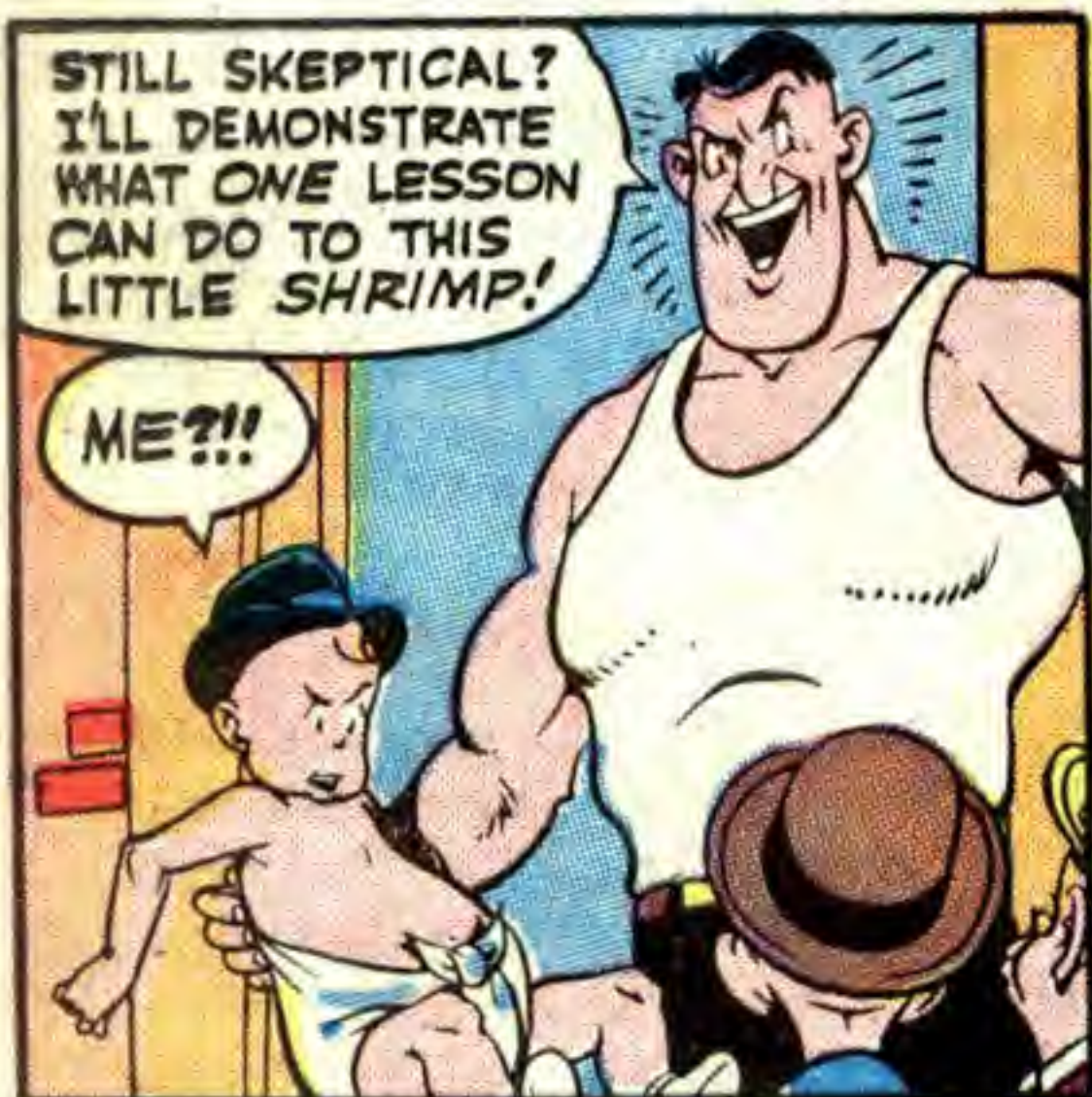
They bore down on the boat a few minutes later. They found Horton bound and gagged below decks. He was unable to tell them anything, just that some men had boarded him one night and tied him up. A nice catch of fish were on deck. Perry picked one up, cut it open, but found nothing. It was the Coast Guard Officer who found the box of albacore to one side. He cut one of the valuable fish in half. There, in its stomach, he found a huge uncut diamond. Each of the other fish contained a valuable gem.



# POISON



**IVY**





# SPIN SHAW



The Admiral's headquarters

IF THIS CAPTAIN SHAW IS REALLY YOUR BEST OFFICER, PLEASE ASSIGN HIM TO ME!

AT ONCE, DR. MAYBELLE! JUST NOW HE'S COACHING SOME OF OUR MEN TO PLAY FOOTBALL! SPRING PRACTICE!

OF COURSE, I WANT YOU TO PLAY **FAIR** --- BUT LIKE-WISE PLAY **ROUGH**! LIKE THIS ---

CAPTAIN SHAW! ADMIRAL WANTS TO SEE YOU!



OKAY, MEN, KEEP AT IT! I'LL BE BACK!

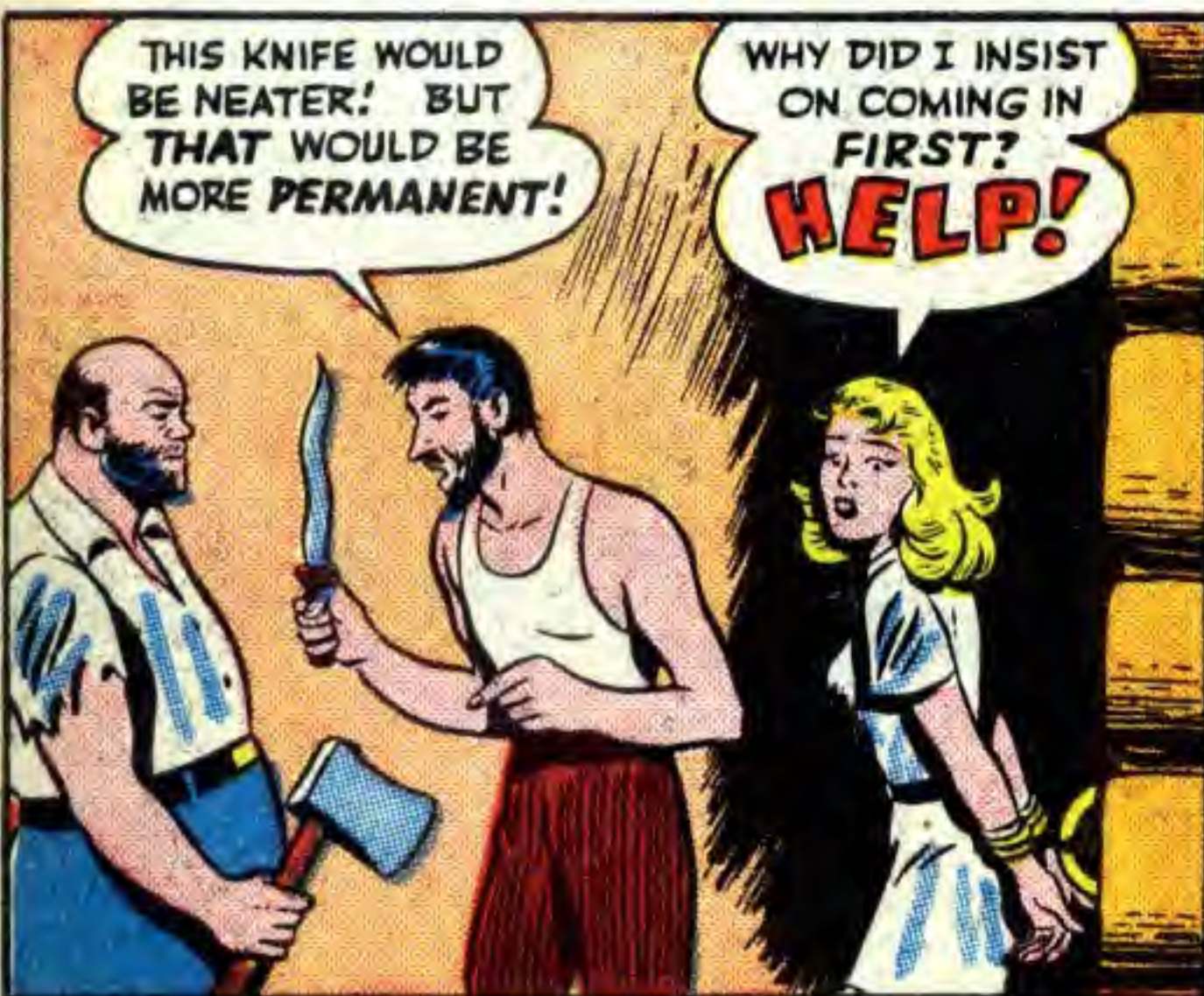
RATHER A BRUTAL TYPE, ISN'T HE? OR AM I MISJUDGING HIM?



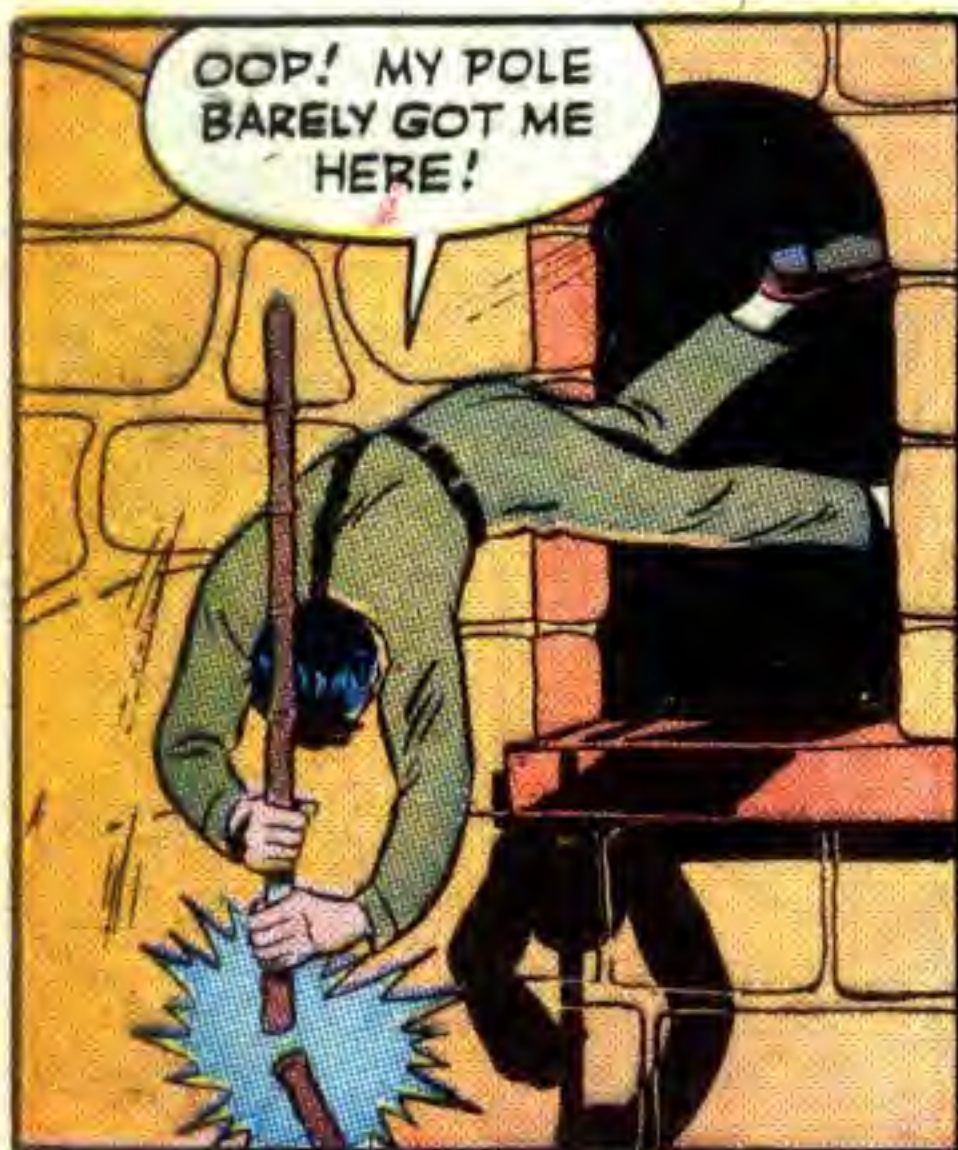




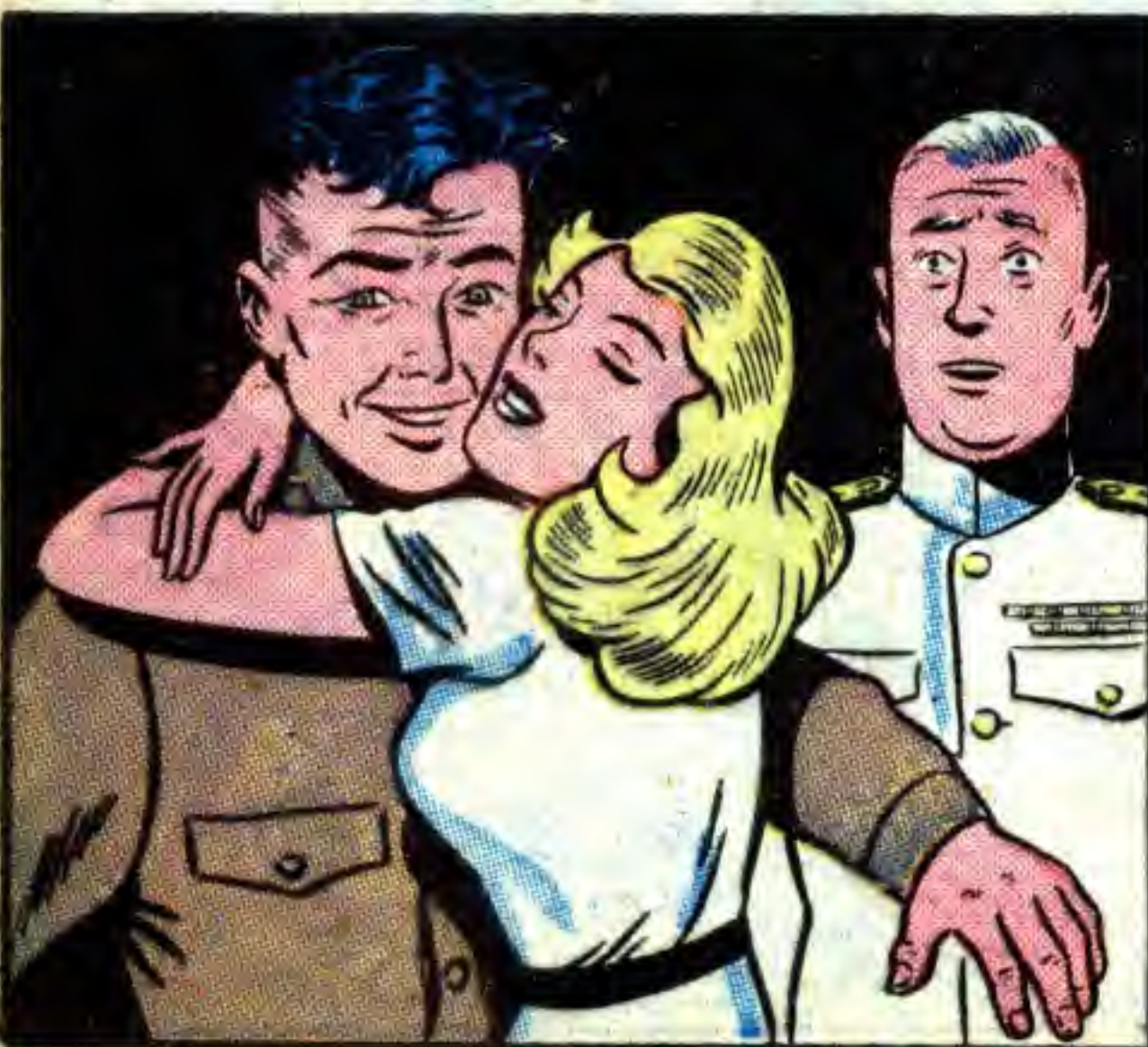














# Big Top

BUTCH, I'M EXPECTING A BIG BANKER HERE IN TEN MINUTES AND I WANT TO PUT OVER A BIG DEAL WITH HIM! IF HE GETS HERE BEFORE I FINISH CHANGING CLOTHES AND SHAVING, GREET HIM AND TRY TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION TILL I GET HERE!

OKAY!

FOR GOODNESS SALES, WATCH YOUR GRAMMAR AND DON'T MAKE THE SLIGHTEST MISTAKE! THIS BIRD IS MR. BIG, HIMSELF... FINANCIALLY, SOCIALLY, AND INTELLECTUALLY!

-EVERY WAY!

WE'VE JUST GOT TO IMPRESS HIM AS SOUND, SOLID PEOPLE! HIS NAME'S EUCLID P. RITZROX!

I KNOW THE TYPE! HERE IT COMES NOW!



MY DEAR, DEAR SIR.... GOOD MORNING EVER SO MUCH! PRAY, DO SIT DOWN! MR. BANGS WILL BE HERE DIRECTLY, MOST NOBLE SIR!

WOULD YOUR MOST AUGUST AND WEALTHY DIGNITY CARE FOR A CUP OF TEA AND A BIT OF TIFFIN WHILE WAITING, SIR?

NO, THANK YOU!

WHEN ONE HAS BUSINESS TO TRANSACT, I BELIEVE IN COMING TO THE POINT AT ONCE!



RUBBER-FACED RUFUS IS MY NAME... ORIGINAL COMIC FACES TAUGHT AT REASONABLE RATES... ALSO ASSORTED ANTICS AND COMICAL CAPERS!

OUR VISITOR... DID HE COME, BUTCH?

WELL, A VISITOR CAME, BUT I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR LOOKS...

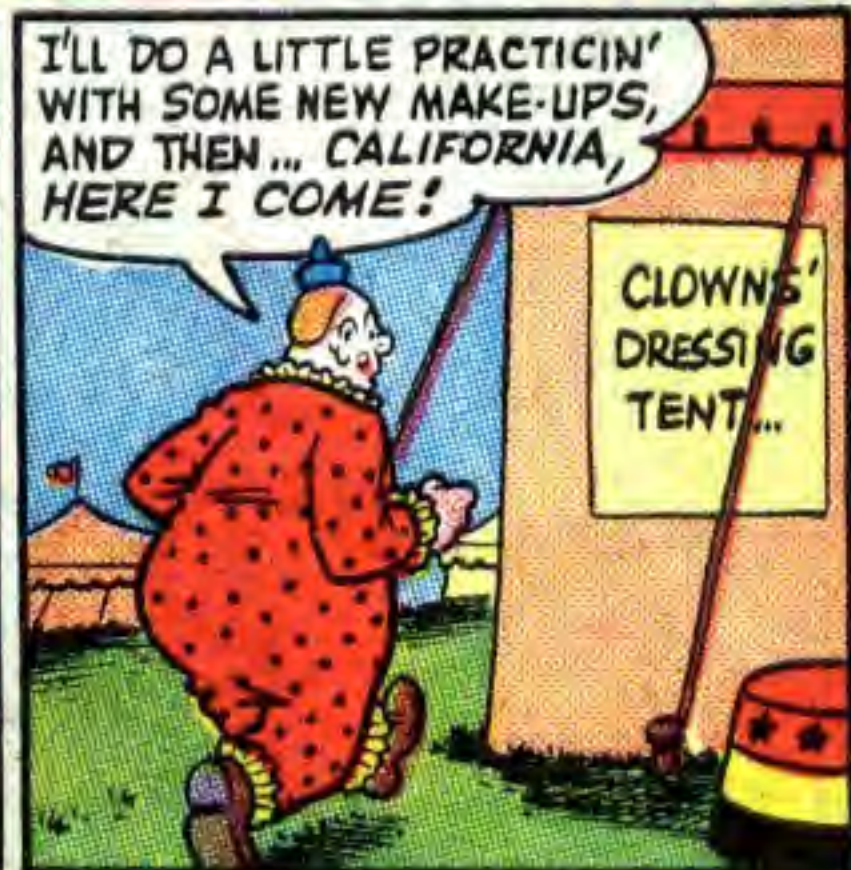
HE DOESN'T SEEM TOO MUCH THE FORMAL TYPE TO ME!

I ALSO DO ANIMAL NOISES!

OINK!  
YAK-YAK!  
CAW-CAW!  
MEOWRRR!  
ARF! CACKLE!







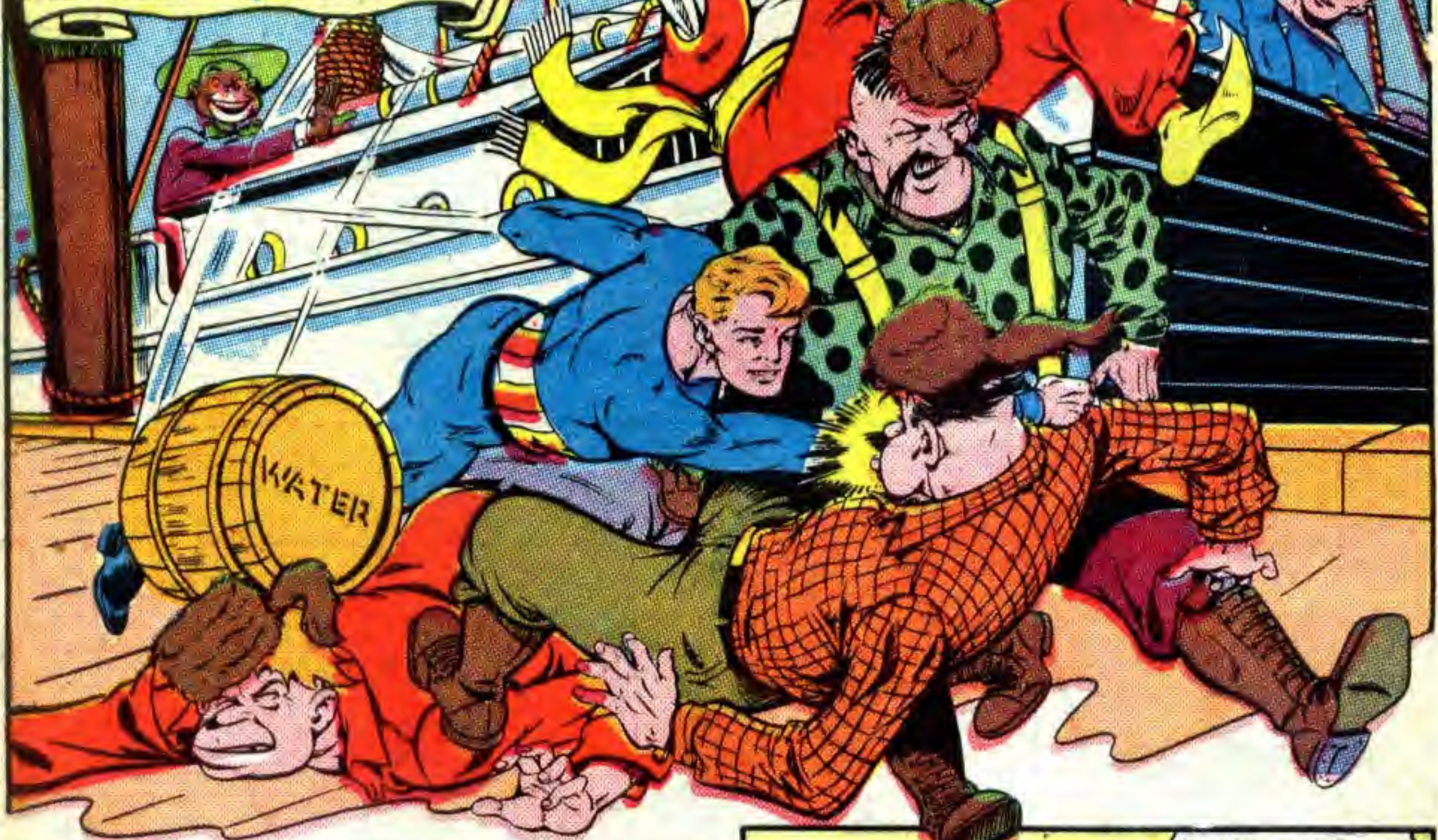


# Rusty Ryan

and The  
BOYVILLE  
BRIGADIERS

Rusty Ryan has led the

Rusty Ryan has led the Boyville Brigadiers through a hundred triumphant adventures on land and sea--and now straight into new trouble as they disembark in the little coastal town of **SLEEPY WILLOW!**



A sleepy town...and just now a sorrowful one...

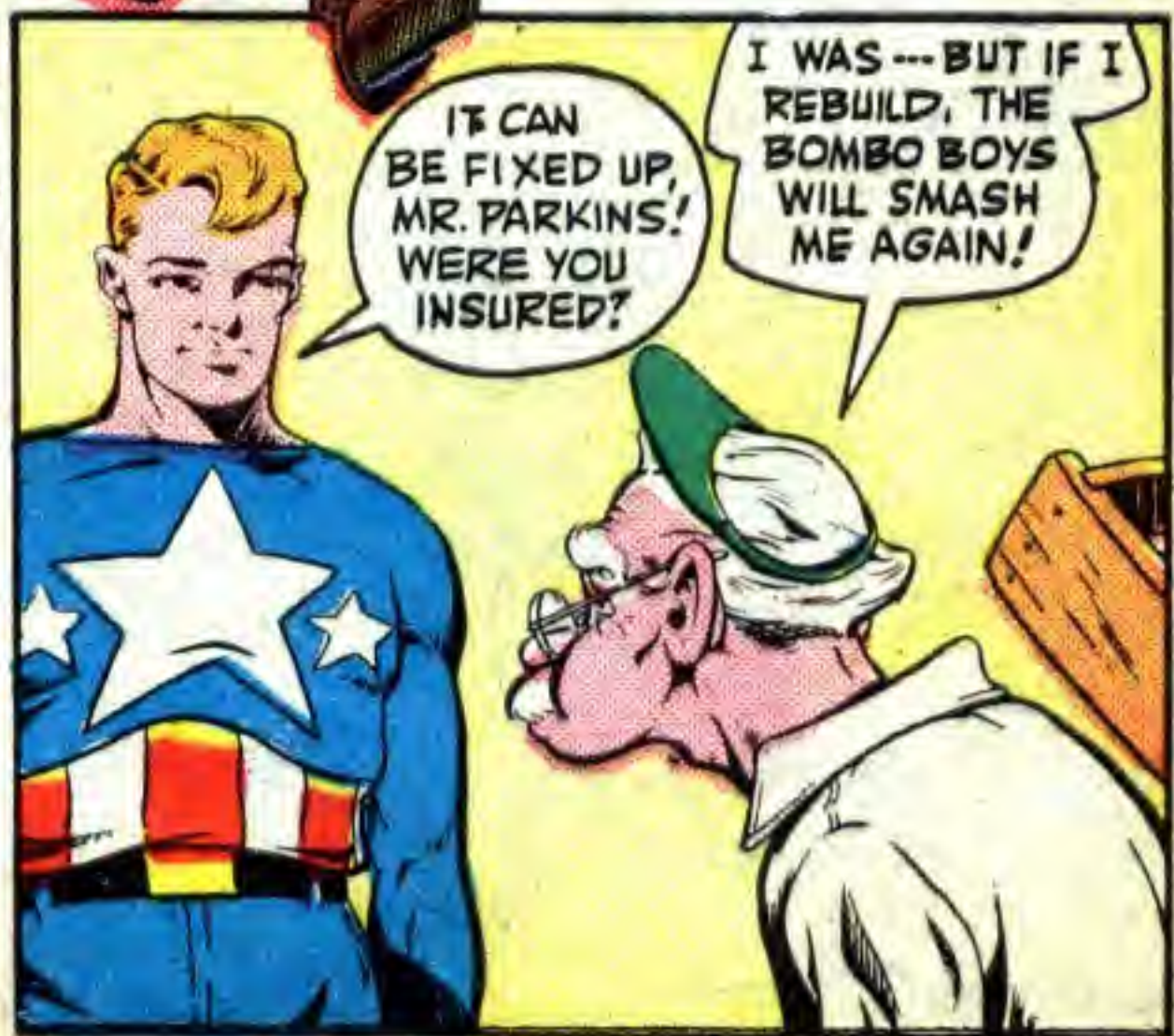
I'M RUSTY RYAN,  
STRANGER! WHO ARE  
YOU AND WHY ARE  
YOU SO GLOOMY?

PARKINS IS MY NAME, AND  
I **WAS** EDITOR OF THE  
SLEEPY WILLOW CLARION!  
BUT LOOK AT MY  
OFFICE ---  
**WRECKED!**



IT CAN  
BE FIXED UP,  
MR. PARKINS!  
WERE YOU  
INSURED?

I WAS --- BUT IF I  
REBUILD, THE  
BOMBO BOYS  
WILL SMASH  
ME AGAIN!





I EXPOSED SOME OF THEIR DIRTY TRICKS AROUND HERE AND THEY RAIDED ME -- GAVE ME TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO GET OUT OF TOWN!

YOU'RE STAYING! HIT THE LUMBER YARD, GANG! BRING LUMBER, NAILS, BRICKS AND PAINT!



SNAP IT UP! WE WANT TO MOVE THE PRESS IN TO BAT OUT A SPECIAL EDITION OF THE CLARION!

LISTEN, RUSTY! YOU'LL ONLY MAKE THE BOMBO BOYS MAD AT YOU, TOO!

HMMM!



REMEMBER ME? **BERRY BOMBO!** MY BROTHERS AND I TOLD YOU TO **GIT GOIN'!** WELL, SINCE YOU **IGNORED** US, WE---

HOLD IT, BOMBO!



EVER HEAR OF THE **BILL OF RIGHTS** --- THE PART ABOUT **FREE PRESS**?

QUOTIN' LAW, SHRIMP? WON'T DO ANY GOOD! WHENEVER THE **BOMBOS** HIT TOWN, THE CONSTABLE FINDS BUSINESS SOMEWHERE ELSE! I'M GONNA ---



ALLAH FORGIVE ME! I DID NOT MEAN---

I'LL GO GIT **BURLY**---

HE MEANS HIS NEXT TO OLDEST BROTHER -- A SIZE BIGGER AND A LOT TOUGHER THAN HE IS!



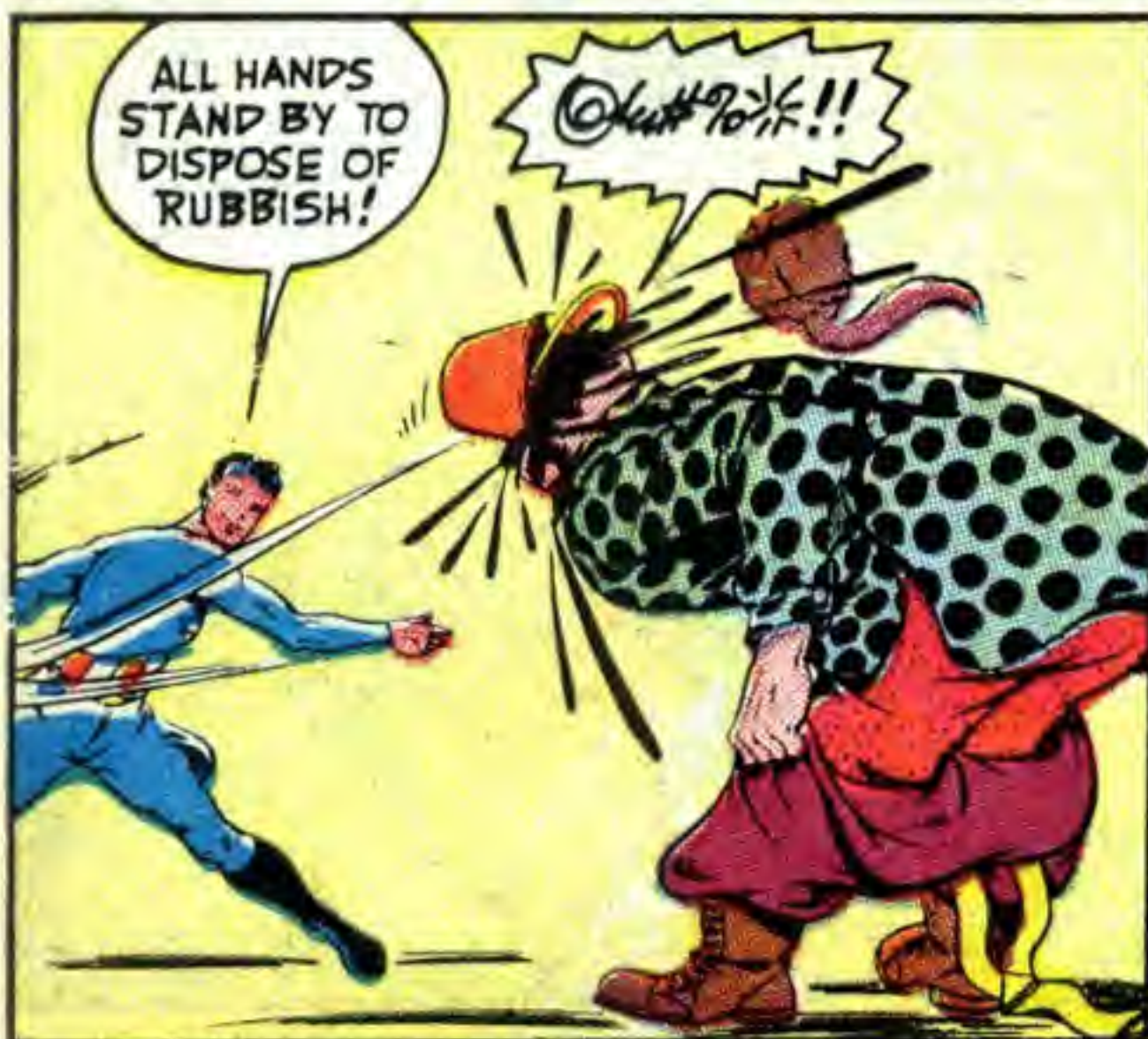
Later...

HOW'S THIS FOR AN EDITORIAL? "NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN TO KICK OUT THE **BOMBO BUMS**---

HEY, YOU!



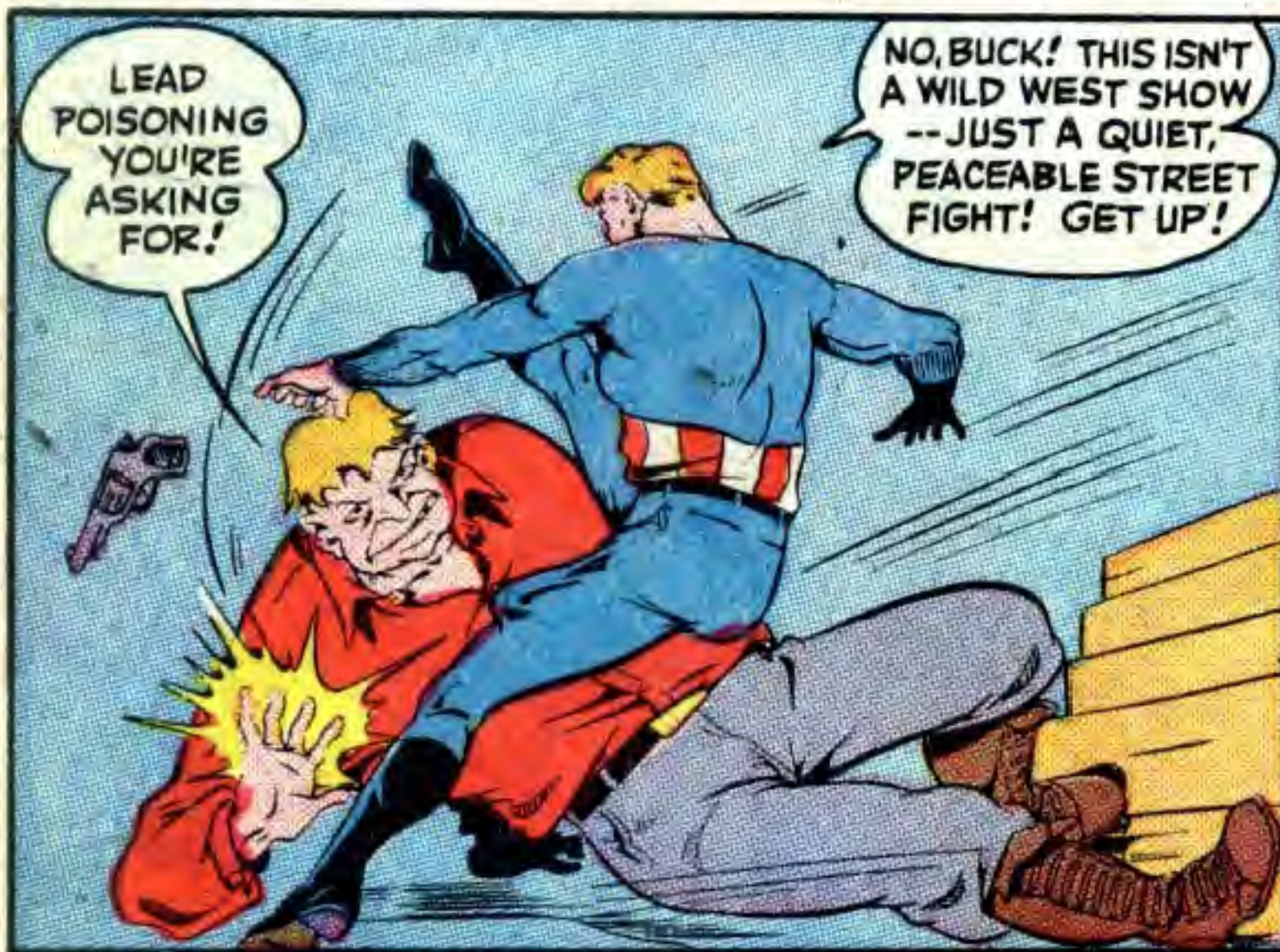
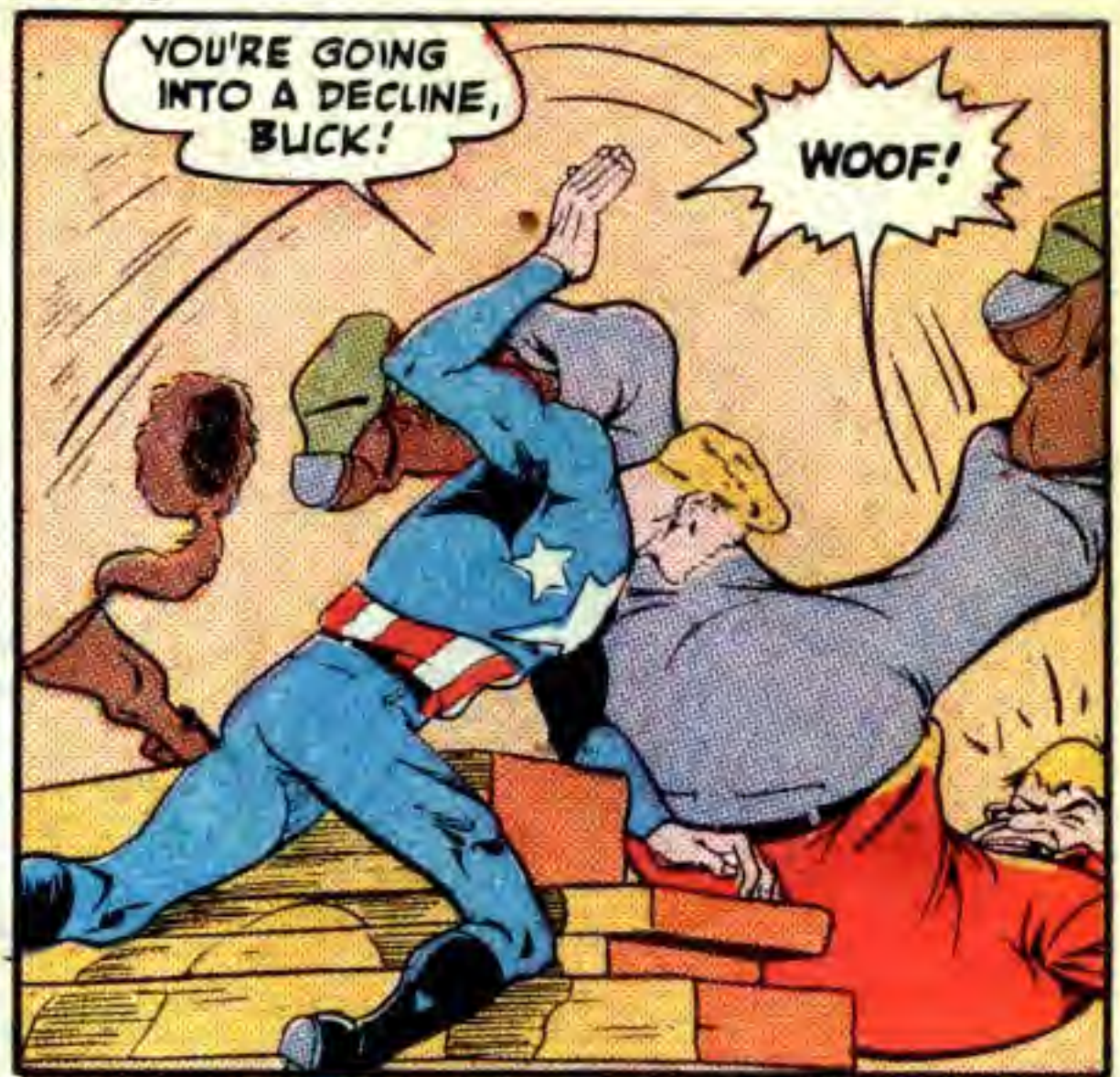
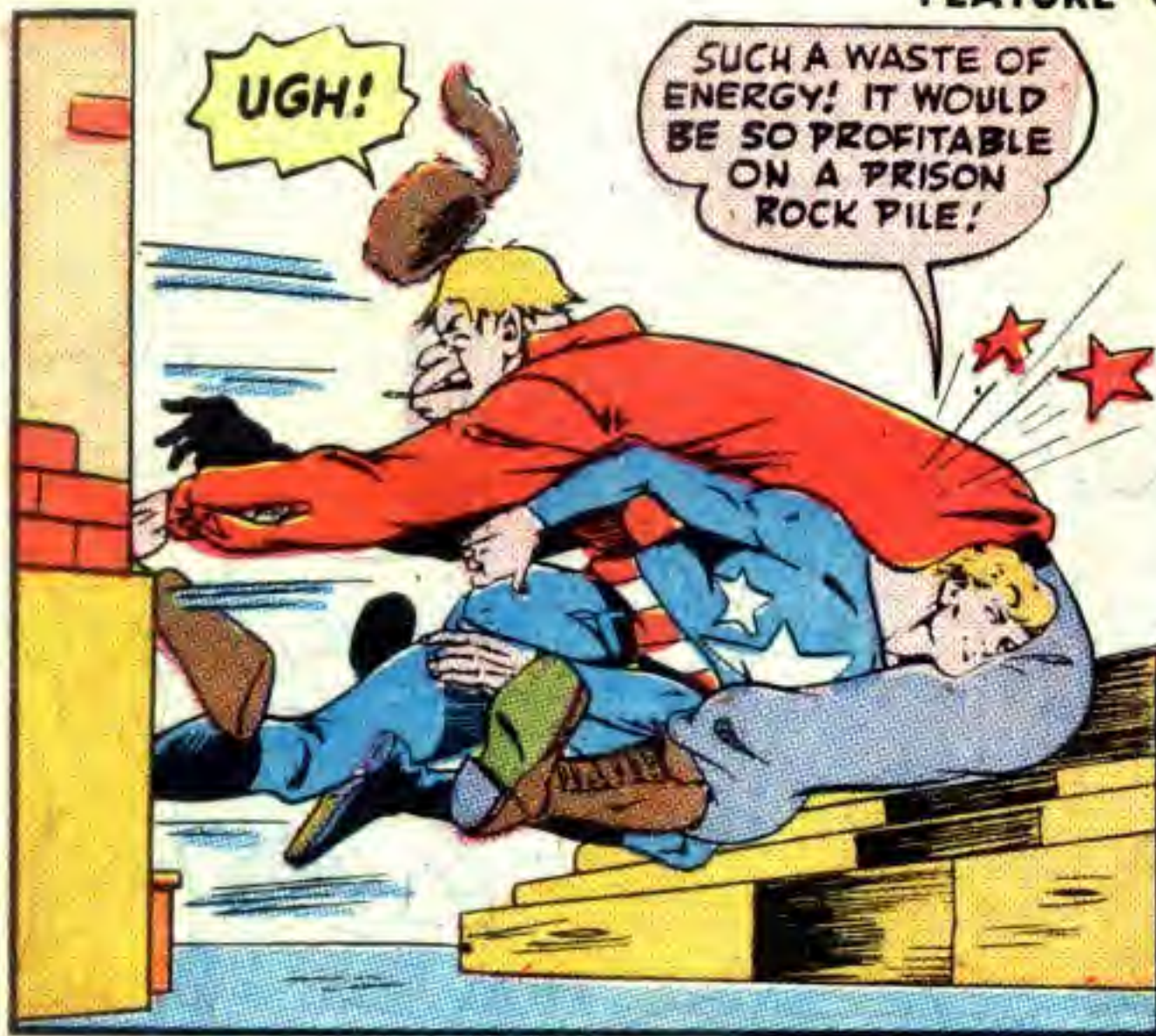








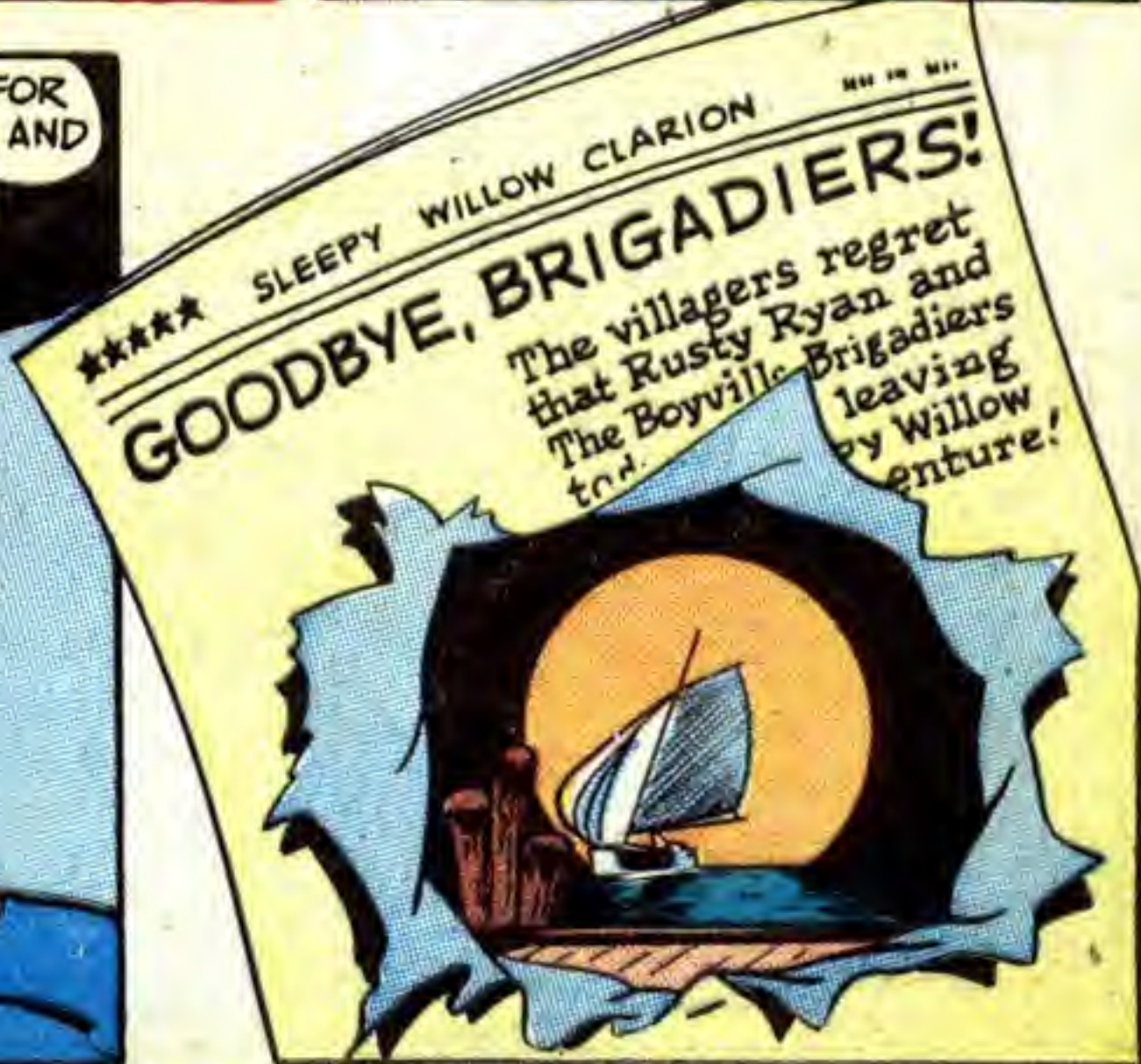
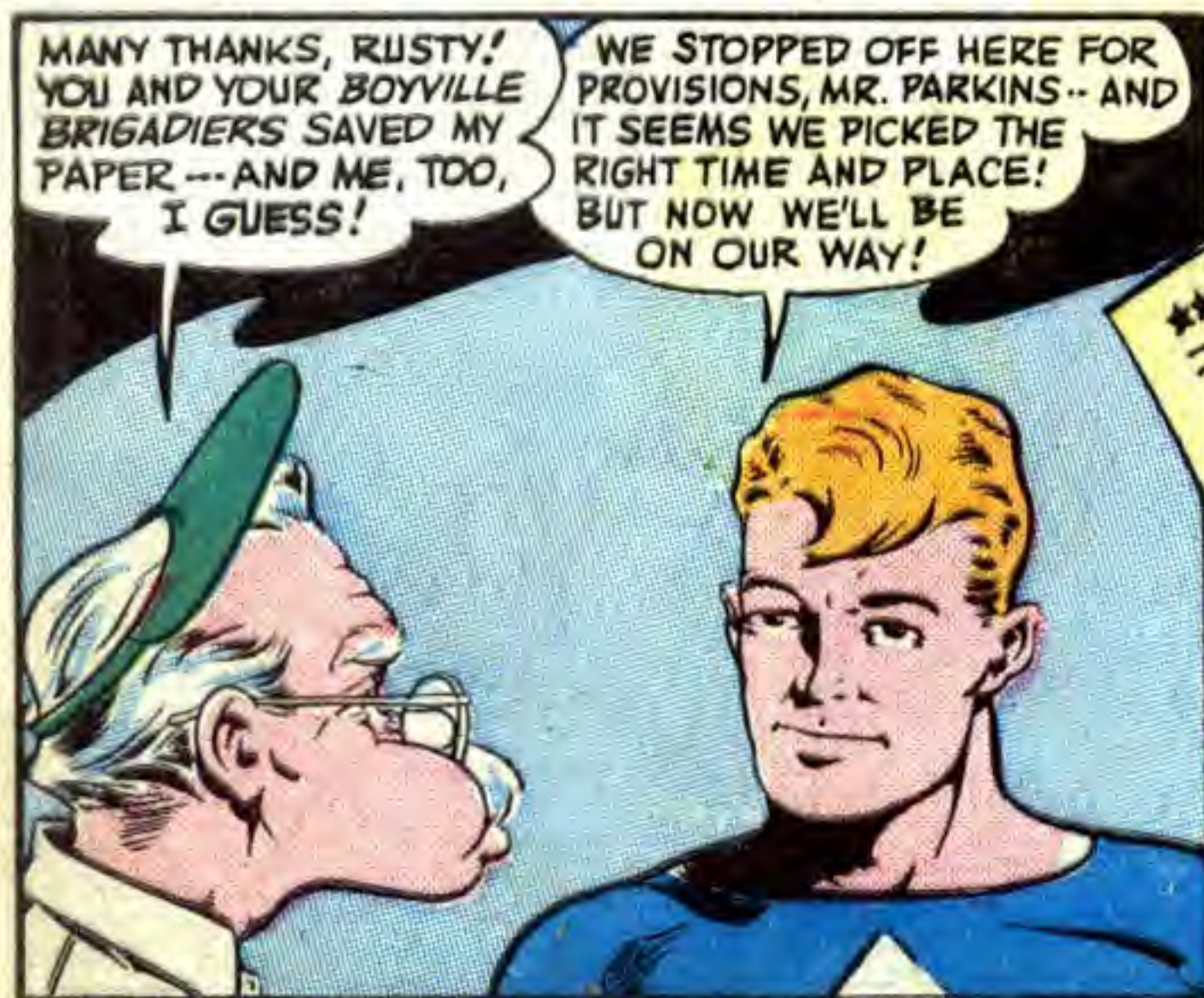
















# ANNOUNCING!

## THE NEW **Bendix** COASTER BRAKE



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# What's My Job? - I Manufacture Weaklings into MEN!

*Charles Atlas*

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**G**IVE ME a skinny, papless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyes! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll feel and look different! You'll begin to LIVE!



## Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 91-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Slim." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

### What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own home—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive." Full of zip and go!

### One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

1,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already garbaged a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm piling down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Evolving Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330-S, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

## FREE

Mail the coupon for low right now for my FREE illustrated book, "Evolving Health and Strength." Take all about "Dynamic Tension" methods. Cramped with pictures. Total Address on envelope: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330-S, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330-S  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Evolving Health and Strength."

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